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## Our Special Contributors.

### FAMILIAR LETTERS ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—NO. 8.*

By Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.

NEW YORK, March 14, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I pass from a consideration of the advantages to be derived from Sunday-schools, to a contemplation of the agency to be employed. The value of the proposed result makes the importance of the agency designed to produce it still the greater. The discriminate character of the results we desire must also influence our selection of an agency entirely appropriate to their attainment. In the subject before us, the first element of the agency is the personal character of the Teacher. A more important influence, or one more actually effective upon the character of the church, cannot be found, apart from the personal work of the divinely appointed ministry of the Gospel, than the organized and active body of Sunday-school Teachers. They have advantages of influence which are peculiarly their own. The small number of their hearers,—their acknowledged personal relation as teachers,—the direct individual and mutual contact and connection of this relation,—the quiet and secured attention,—the secluded place and hour for their work,—the open and eager minds of the young disciples whom they instruct,—the facility of comprehension and the freedom of impression,—the solemnizing, subduing, and exciting influence of the accompanying prayer and praise of the school united,—all combine to give them an opportunity of blessing and saving a generation for Christ, which angels might covet, and over the blessed results of which angels will rejoice. As I habitually walk around among the classes, and sometimes have an opportunity to take the place of an absent teacher, and thus observe and test, in turn, the blessedness of opening the absorbing truths of salvation to such open and grateful minds, I gain a constantly enlarging conception of the privileges and blessings of the work. No employment seems to me so attractive,—and no occupation so sure to bring its ample reward. That blessed hour of free and unrestrained conversation, in the simplest terms upon the highest subjects, only appears too short for the privilege and the occupation which are necessarily confined to it. And in the supposition that every element involved in this occupation is of a fair and full measure of adaptation to its successful accomplishment, I can conceive of no influence upon human society at all to be compared in efficacy and actual power with the scheme of operation which is thus considered. I cannot speak or think of this agency as ever rivalling, or really separable from, the appointed ministry. The teachers of my schools seem to me to be but parts of myself. Like the fingers of one of those beautiful power-presses, they take up the very pages which I desire to impress, and smoothly and quietly spread them out before me, prepared to receive the blessed communications from on high which I long to stamp on their minds and hearts for ever. When one surveys this tranquil but powerful operation, it is vain to compare the parts with each other in their relative importance. They must all be there, all proportionate, all adapted, all in order; and then the unseen, mysterious power applied, with its sure but imponderable energy, the result comes out, the happiness and the triumph of all. And who that stands to contemplate the glowing regularity and mysterious beauty of this work, would desire to go back to the single hand-press of the individual laborer, toiling, with far greater weariness, to accomplish but a small portion of the result? That in actual practice we really find a fair exhibition of these appropriate elements I have no power to deny. The great proportion of teachers are doubtless useful and faithful. And the very existence and constant enlargement of the operation on all sides and in every church, while every element is so voluntary and unconstrained, cannot but show the adaptation of the actual agency, and the interest of youthful minds therein. The rule of the history is flourishing success. The exceptions are the failing and drooping schools, and inattentive and careless attendants. Yet there is no school in which there are not found very great differences, both in the passing manifestation, and in the actual results, among the various classes and teachers. Every school will furnish some specimens of what may be called the highest exemplification of the system; some classes always present, always punctual, always interested, always active; some teachers always there, always prepared, always attractive, always effectual; and therefore some fruits of the highest and most blessed character always growing. That this difference will be found in some degree among the children I should not deny. But this can be only occasional and individual. There are teachers, too, who are found especially adapted to some particular classes of children. But the differences are just as great between the individual children of the same general class, as between the social classes themselves. And there are some teachers who are always instruments of blessing, and I might almost say a blessing to all. How dear and precious such servants of the Lord are to a pastor's heart, and to the welfare of the church, who can fairly tell? But why should not all be such? There may be, and doubtless there is, difference of gifts. But are there any gifts calculated for usefulness in the Sunday-school that every teacher may not in a fair measure and degree acquire? Are there any that every Christian may not have and exercise in some appropriate relation with entire success? I think not. And therefore while I speak upon this subject, I must deal with it, not as involving only the characteristics of the poet, natural and not to be attained, but as the qualifications of the faithful practical servant, whose best services are the improvements of his constant opportunities, and whose brightest graces are the light of a lamp which, though grace has started with its divine spark, faithful watching and care keep in its abiding and useful glow.

Of all qualifications in a successful teacher, real and experimental piety is by far the most important. A teacher in a Sunday-school actually and professedly unconverted, seems an anomaly simply absurd. I should hardly waste a moment in discussing such a point. "In this the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil." If there are but these two classes on earth, in a spiritual division, as I certainly cannot doubt, I can hardly imagine the propriety of employing one of either class to be a teacher in the ways of the other. There surely may be true piety in its germ in the heart, where as yet no open profession of it has been made in appointed ordinances of separation. And a wise consideration by the appointing power will take this possible fact into consideration in the present contingency. Perhaps the very desire to teach others the ways of Christ may be one of the first and most encouraging evidences of the reality of this spiritual life within, however feeble and doubtful it may appear. I would not, therefore, quench the smoking flax, or break the bruised reed; nor on any account discourage one of the Lord's little ones in their desires to be useful. But it is a case which requires vast caution, and faithful and tender judgment. The interest to be confided is great. The possible evils may be greater. And all the circumstances which are individual and personal must be taken into account. But the governing principle must be laid down, that a teacher of others to be the children of God, should himself be his child;—a guardian and guide of the little children of the Savior's household ought not to be a stranger and foreigner, having no hope, and without God in the world, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. True piety is the growth and fruit of a converted heart,—an experience of the Savior's forgiving love,—a real consecration of the soul, as bought with a price, to him who has redeemed and owns it. It is a state in which old things have passed away, and all things in their principles, and in their measure and degree of results, have become new. A Sunday-school teacher must be thus taught and born of God, so that the divine subjects of teaching shall not be the mere barren acquisitions of the hearing of the ear, but the real subjects of the experience and enjoyment of the heart. I am exceedingly earnest to press this point. It is the very starting-point in this new line of view. Everything else will depend upon it, and presuppose it. We cannot, therefore, pass it with indifference or inattention. What is Sunday-school teaching but a ministry for God? In the very nature of the employment, it is a work for Christians, and for them alone. The idea is sometimes suggested, that getting some vain and irreligious persons to teach others, may be the means of leading them to learn themselves. This would seem too wicked to be merely absurd, if applied to the ministry of the Gospel. But though more manageable and more easily remedied, it is equally incongruous in the present case. We cannot afford to present our children as merely demonstrative subjects. Their interests and welfare are the things for which we seek. And in securing an agency for the blessing, the Lord must first call to his service, and then instruct and prepare for its adequate fulfillment. Our teachers must be in choice and hearts and life the children and servants of the living God. S. H. T.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. H. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

## Real Life in New York.*

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

### FUNGUS BEFORE A NEW YORK JURY.

MRS. BRIDGET O'FLANAGAN, or as Arabella amiably designated her, "that hateful Bridget," had actually sued the head of the house of Fungus for the cash value of her deceased husband. The Fungus stage-coach, which was always bringing misery into the family, in one form or another, either by breaking down at the moment when it was most needed, or by being without a coachman, or without a pole, or without the necessary complement of screws, or without sufficient motive power, was at the bottom of the suit of O'Flanagan against Fungus. It was proceeding down a side street one afternoon, heavily freighted with Mrs. Fungus and Arabella, on a special mission to the dressmaker's, at the same time that Mr. Patrick O'Flanagan was proceeding up the same street on his cart, homeward bound from his daily duties. This gentleman was attached to a wholesale liquor establishment down town, and being of a social and convivial turn, had been entertaining a select party of his friends with what the artists call a "strictly private view" of a cask of old Jamaica, in one of the underground apartments of the warehouse, and had consequently been obliged to abandon himself, on his way home, to the more sober judgment of his horse, who had threaded his way through the streets with commendable caution and dispatch, while his master expended all his energies in the effort of maintaining his position on the cart, and demonstrating to himself that he was not drunk. There was something in the sight or sound of the Fungus coach which roused Mr. O'Flanagan for a moment, and he immediately received the impression that he saw before him two coaches of precisely the same external appearance, and that it would be a creditable performance, and entirely conclusive on the question of his perfect sobriety, if he should drive between them. Accordingly he grasped the reins, whipped up his steed, charged upon the approaching equipage at full cart-horse speed, and before the astonished coachman could turn out of the way, a general break-up ensued. The shock of the collision was about equally divided. Mrs. Fungus, who always supposed whenever any unforeseen catastrophe occurred, that the end of the world had come, shut her eyes tight, and fell back in the cushions, expecting the general wreck of matter and crash of worlds. Arabella opened her eyes wide, and looked out of the window. The O'Flanagan cart had broken the Fungus pole, and effectually separated the horses from the carriage and from each other. The Fungus pole, on the other hand, had dealt a severe blow to the O'Flanagan horse, and the concussion had thrown his master with an impetus, which would have been fatal to any but a drunken man, from the cart to the sidewalk.

The accident had no sooner happened than a crowd of sympathizers surrounded Mr. O'Flanagan. When an incident of this description occurs it seems as if people sprang out of the ground for the express purpose of being spectators and witnesses. They always take the strong points of the case, and, it being apparent that the proprietor of the cart was the only person who had sustained personal injury, also that the coach was a dashing one with a coat of arms and a crest on the doors and panels, and that the coachman was an unmistakable Englishman, it was the general conviction that Mr. O'Flanagan was the victim of a conspiracy—that the Fungus coach was an aristocratic engine maintained by its owner for the express purpose of driving, rough-shod, over the poor but honest citizen—that it was a case for damages—that the coachman ought to be hung and the coach smashed, and that the ladies inside ought to be ashamed of themselves. Mr. O'Flanagan was not in a condition to throw much light upon the subject, but he contrived to show considerable darkness upon it by a variety of incoherent statements, all tending to the conclusion that he was as entirely free from fault as a babe unborn, accompanied with some expressions of his feelings toward the Fungus coachman, not at all flattering to that gentleman's present or future prospects, but which he returned with equal emphasis. In the midst of the uproar the ladies descended. Mrs. Fungus postponed the end of the world, but was sure she was going to be mobbed. Arabella wanted to know where the police were? A perverse youth in the crowd thereupon suggested that she was "afeard of being took up," an intimation which so alarmed Mrs. Fungus that she immediately commenced a rapid retreat in the direction of Broadway, whither Arabella was obliged to follow. Before she left the scene, however, she went up to the partly prostrate O'Flanagan, now comparatively sober, and inquired as to his condition, with her hand on her purse as an earnest of her benevolent intentions. He was about replying when a grim-looking fellow, who was smoking his pipe on the curb-stone, volunteered the advice—"don't settle, and answer no questions," whereupon there was a general murmur of approval, and an expression of opinion that she couldn't come that dodge anyhow, upon which Arabella indignantly withdrew. After every one else had stopped coming, a policeman appeared, who was about conveying the Fungus coachman to the station-house, when it occurred to him that he had no prerogative to arrest the horses. He accordingly permitted that functionary to procure the necessary aid in conveying his dismembered establishment home, and took his parole of honor to respond to any complaint which might be made. O'Flanagan was conveyed to his residence on his cart, attended by an escort of his fellow-citizens, whose ardor was somewhat damped on finding that he was likely to survive his injuries.

Fungus held a coroner's inquest over the shattered pole, and accepted his coachman's version of the affair. He had a profound respect for his coachman, as one of the evidences of his own respectability, and moreover, with the shrewdness of a veteran merchant, he immediately perceived that if there was a claim for damages it was decidedly for his interest to stand firmly from the outset on the theory of the entire innocence of everybody connected with the defense. He was quite right in this view of the matter. A less sagacious man than Fungus would have lost his temper and denounced the horses, the carriage, and every one inside and outside. But Fungus knew better; he had sold goods and shaved notes to some purpose. He was always laying trains to explode at a distance, and providing against contingencies which might arise six or eight months after date.

He judged it prudent, also, upon an early visit of the policeman on the next morning, to gratify that officer with a ten-dollar bill as a slight mark of his confidence and regard, the result of which was that a series of insurmountable obstacles immediately presented themselves in the way of any prosecution by the People against the coachman, who took advantage of the delay to leave the city for a short trip into the interior of Staten Island.

The next strategic movement which Fungus contemplated was a visit of sympathy to the O'Flanagan family, with a few bottles of port and a roll of small bills. But he was ignorant of their whereabouts, and was obliged to forego the benevolent intent. Had he gone, he would have found Mr. O'Flanagan in the enjoyment of his accustomed health, but not of his wonted spirits. He had recovered his equilibrium, but lost his place. His depredations on the old Jamaica had literally leaked out, and his services were no longer required by his employers.

O'Flanagan, like the rest of mankind, was mortal, and it so chanced that shortly after the exciting adventure which has introduced him to our notice, he departed this life, leaving his widow Bridget O'Flanagan, and an indefinite number of little O'Flanagans, to mourn his loss. Necessity is the mother of invention. The necessities of Mrs. Bridget were very great, and they illuminated her mind upon the subject of cause and effect with a sudden brilliancy. All her misfortunes were the direct sequence of that fatal collision. That was first in the order of time, then her husband lost his place, then he died, and he had had pains in his bones from the day of the accident to the day of his death. She believed, like the present Napoleon, in the inexorable logic of events, and here was their syllogistic demonstration. She was an injured woman, and Fungus was her oppressor. She was determined "to take the law of him."

Mrs. Bridget easily found a champion of her rights, in the person of an attorney-at-law. The age of chivalry has gone except so far as its spirit is perpetuated in the legal profession. Imagine a poor fellow who hasn't five dollars of his own in the world, perched in an attic in Center street, with a tin shingle under his window which nobody notices except the stray client whom chance now and then sends him, but ready at a moment's warning to seize his pen, issue his process, and ride a tilt against a merchant prince in the cause of a lone widow. There is a touch of the old knight-errant about this. True, they put lance in rest for glory, while the attorney wields his pen for money. But this is the era of commutation; money is our substitute for glory; we must do the best we can; shall the attorney be behind his age?

The sagacious counsel of Mrs. O'Flanagan did not advise immediate proceedings. Jack the Giant-killer was not afraid to encounter the giant, but he saw that it would be a long siege, and he proceeded like a wary and experienced knight. He sent Bridget to Fungus castle with her children, for the purpose of having her repulsed, and thus exhibiting in its true light the inhuman character of her oppressor. But Fungus was decidedly human. Bridget, acting under instructions, did not divulge that she meditated a recourse to the law, and the interval of time which had elapsed since the collision, had caused it to be almost entirely forgotten. With the mention of it the first feeling of Fungus revived, and although he had no idea of a suit, he fulfilled his good intentions, by commending her to Mrs. Fungus and Arabella, and Bridget had no reason to complain. She reported her success to the attorney. It was better than a repulse. It was certain evidence that Fungus was afraid of a suit; but she must go again and make the most of his benevolence, which she was not loth to do.

Bridget required a great deal of active sympathy. Having a concealed cause of action against her benefactors, she was not disposed to accept any of the generous offers which they made her, if they were coupled with any suggestion that she ought to help herself. She had no intention to sew for a family she was going to sue. She declined tickets, or brown sugar, or meal, and gradually became so exorbitant in her demands that her coming was the signal for a nervous headache on the part of Mrs. Fungus. Finally, she was denied admittance. "Now," said the attorney, "is the time to sue," and he served the summons, whose effects have been already detailed.

Trial by jury is supposed to be the grand bulwark of our liberties. Fungus thought so, and every moment which intervened between the day that he put in his answer to the complaint of Mrs. O'Flanagan and the day of trial seemed to him a delay of justice. Like all clients, he considered himself entitled in addition to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to the inalienable right to abuse his lawyer, whom he regarded as a conspirator, with the rest of his fraternity, to postpone indefinitely the trial of the great case of O'Flanagan against Fungus. The circumstance that he was invariably out of town or otherwise engaged whenever the case happened to be reached, had not the least effect upon his views in this respect, which were just as lucid as on any other subject of which he was profoundly ignorant. At last, however, the day actually arrived on which it suited his convenience to attend; by a strange concurrence everybody else was ready to proceed, and Fungus found himself face to face with the twelve good and lawful men who were to decide between the plaintiff O'Flanagan and the defendant Fungus.

The widow was there with a large pocket-handkerchief and her six fatherless children in full view of the jury. Mrs. Fungus and Arabella were also in court. Fungus, with his usual forethought, had arranged an ingenious telegraphic system by which, in case Mrs. F. was put upon the stand, to regulate her testimony. He was to raise his gold-headed cane when she should say "Yes," and lower it when she should say "No;" this little contrivance in furtherance of justice he regarded with great complacency, and clung to his cane with much affection, looking upon it for the time being as a part of the judicial system, like the great mace which lies in front of the Lord Chancellor of England when he sits in his Court.

When Fungus looked at his jury his courage began to fail him. He never did jury duty himself, but he was very indignant at discovering that none of his neighbors did. His neighbors were like himself, they were too much occupied with protecting and strengthening their own private bulwarks to pay any attention to the bulwark of public rights. It was only when they happened to have cases of their own in court that they discovered who did the duty which they neglected. The New York jury ought to be the most intelligent, the most practical, the most upright in the world. Nowhere else are the materials so ample for such a combination. But how is it in fact? I will say nothing of other juries, but Fungus declares that there was one man on his jury to whom everything that the witnesses said was interpreted by his neighbor, from which he inferred that this good and lawful man could not understand the English language; that there was another good and lawful man who persisted in sitting with his hat on; and that there were several other good and lawful men who went to sleep after the first witness had been examined, and did not wake up till the judge began to deliver his charge. But he adds with an air of triumph, "the case was ours from the start, though I did not know it, for the simple reason that the plaintiff was Irish and the jury German!"

I must forego the full description of this celebrated trial for want of space. It was proved beyond a doubt, by the medical testimony introduced, that O'Flanagan was actually dead, and Doctor Dark, his attending physician, was quite clear that his injuries, received in falling from the cart, were the remote cause of his decease. He had known patients to exhibit the same symptoms who had not fallen from carts, but was satisfied that a fall at a particular angle with a certain velocity, in a certain state of the system, might occasion the identical phenomena exhibited in the case of O'Flanagan; he had never seen any such case, never read of any, never heard of any, but he could not be mistaken. This medical theory was supported by two other doctors, making three in all, and refuted by four others, equally learned and experienced, so that at the end the only unmistakable fact was that the man was dead; what killed him was a question for the jury.

Fungus found to his great disappointment that his elaborate scheme, in which Mrs. Fungus and the gold-headed cane were the joint actors, was of no avail, owing to a perverse rule of law which prohibits a wife from being a witness for her husband, and which, in the midst of all the modern improvements, still remains a relic of the dark ages. But he had the satisfaction of seeing Arabella take her station as a witness, and succeed in entirely diverting the attention of the jury from the plaintiff, pocket-handkerchief, children, and all.

The Fungus defense had been well prepared. Arabella was followed by the coachman, and the whole force of the liquor establishment came up to testify to the controlling fact about the old Jamaica. Fungus's counsel declined to sum up, and after an expiring effort of chivalry on the part of the gallant attorney for the plaintiff, the judge made a brief charge to the jury, and they retired.

Fungus expected their immediate return with a verdict in his favor, but they did not come. The few spectators grew weary and went away; Mrs. Fungus and Arabella drove off in the ill-omened carriage; the Widow O'Flanagan, who had reposed upon the opening of her counsel, and who imagined that she was about to come into her estate, sat like patience on a monument. The chivalrous attorney began to predict that they would disagree, and to have hopes of a settlement. Finally the judge, after sending in vain several times to the jury to know if they had found a verdict, adjourned the court, with the direction that a sealed verdict should be brought in in the morning.

Fungus was in a state of great trepidation. He was satisfied that if his plan could have been carried out, and Mrs. Fungus put on the stand, his cane and her evidence would have carried the day at once, and the jury would not have left their seats. So he denounced the system which excludes the testimony of the wife on the theory of undue influence, as an absurdity and an outrage, and went off in a huff.

The jury remained out long after dark. They stood eleven to one for the defendant. One solid Dutchman alone was for the plaintiff. The remaining eleven exhausted argument, expostulation, and entreaty. For some unexplained reason he stood firm in his solitary position, and at last the others ceased to labor with him, and began to prepare for a night session. One shrewd fellow, who had taken little part in the discussion, made a final effort. Taking the recusant juror aside, he commenced a friendly talk, aided by a mild cigar, and gradually gained his confidence. The secret came out. "*Nein, nein*—never will I give a verdict for a man mit a gold-headed cane!" "Of course not, my friend," responded his neighbor, "nor would I, but let me tell you that I am a brass-founder, and that upon a close inspection of the top of that cane, I ascertained that it was only pinchbeck." "*So!*" cried the nonconformist, "that makes a difference. I vote for the defendant." The announcement was hailed with applause, the verdict was signed and sealed without further demur, and the jury dispersed for the night.

In the morning they came into court. Fungus drew a long breath when the result was proclaimed. He looked at his cane as though after all it had helped to produce the verdict. The doubting juror looked at it too. A horrible suspicion touching the integrity of the brass-founder had taken possession of him, but he had not the courage to make it known. When the jury were discharged, however, he came close to Fungus, with his eyes still fixed on the shining top. Fungus laid the cane down while he put up his spectacles. The juror lifted it gently, and scrutinized the metal. He said but a single word, "Gold!" "Certainly," said Fungus, "pure California, extra weight." The juror dropped the cane and went his way, a wiser and a sadder man.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. H. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

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Seeing that we are in the second half of the nineteenth century, in the Empire city, in the meridian of modern improvements, is it not reasonable that we should ask for pure air and ventilation in the court-room, and intelligence in the jury-box? All honor to the judges who brave the dangers which I sought to expose in the former chapter of the experience of the defendant Fungus, and all praise to those of our citizens who in spite of its disagreeable concomitants do not shrink from or shirk jury duty. W. A. B.

## FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 17, 1860.

THE week has been a busy one in both branches of Congress. The few glimpses of summer weather which we have had in March, remind the Northern members that the time is rapidly approaching when they will desire to be at their homes, and away from the dust and heat of Washington. In consequence, there is a general disposition in favor of hard work and long daily sessions.

The Senate has passed a very important bill enlarging the powers of the Court of Claims, allowing its decisions to be final on all claims less than $3,000 in amount, and in cases where the sum is larger giving the right of appeal to the Supreme Court. But in all cases Congress is to have nothing to do with these private claims except to vote money to satisfy them. At present the Court of Claims is a transparent humbug. It examines cases, and Congress takes them up precisely as if there were no such Court, and agrees or disagrees with the decision of the Court, and in nine cases out of ten never considers the cases reported favorably upon by the Court at all. It is a well-known fact that a small private claim can never get through Congress unless money enough to nearly cover its entire amount is given to the hungry and corrupt lobby. Members of Congress will not examine private claims unless they are teased into it by a powerful outside influence, and the statement is often made that a bad claim, if large enough, can be got through Congress easier than a good one, from the fact that its prosecutor, conscious that he has little show of justice for his claim, is the more willing to bring to its support every influence which is in the market. This bill will not only tend to justice toward the hundreds of poor claimants against the Government, but will be a heavy blow at the lobby, which is doing more than anything else to corrupt the politicians in Washington.

The Senate has also passed the Texas Regiment bill. The Republican Senators were divided upon the measure. Some voted for it to prevent Gov. Houston from defending the Texas frontier with his own state troops. The volunteer regiment will be under the articles of war and U. S. officers, and Senators Wilson and Fessenden contended that it was better to give Texas these troops at once, rather than risk an irregular warfare between the border Texans and Mexicans. On the other hand, Mr. Hale and several other Republicans gave it as their opinion that this very regiment would be used to get the nation into a war with Mexico—that they were full of border prejudices against the Mexican people, and, even under U. S. officers, were exceedingly unsafe men to be trusted with so much responsibility. If the crisis was such that troops are needed on the Texan frontier, let the regular army troops be sent there. As the Democrats were a unit in support of the measure, it was easily carried.

The Republicans are already such a power in the Senate that they can prevent the ratification of any treaty if they choose, for such a ratification requires a two-thirds vote. They have just exercised this power in rejecting the proposed treaty with Nicaragua, and will soon use it again to defeat the proposed treaty with Juarez—assuming him to be the embodiment of the Mexican Government. On the first treaty the Republicans were alone in voting against it, but the Juarez treaty is vehemently opposed by Southern Senators. There are excellent reasons for the rejection of both treaties—both giving to this slavery-extending Government too much power on the soil of these weak and distracted sister states—and power which the people of those states, if appealed to, would never consent to grant.

A very important bill has been reported in the House from the Judiciary Committee. It is to punish polygamy in the territory of Utah. It is reported by Judge Nelson of Tennessee, a Southern Whig, and it is understood that he will support it. If his action gives any indication of that of his party-friends in Congress, the bill will pass the House by a decided majority. The Republicans will all support it, and if half-a-dozen Southern Whigs do the same, it will receive a majority of the votes of the House. The Southern Whigs, like the Republicans, deride the Douglas idea of Squatter Sovereignty, and hold to the power of Congress over the territories. The Southern Whig demands protection for slavery in the territory—the Republican holds it to be the duty of Congress to keep slavery out of it. One believes in slavery—the other that it, like murder, is a crime against God and man. *Both* agree that polygamy is a sin against God and the laws of nature, and can consistently unite in passing a law to punish it. The supporters of Mr. Douglas are left in an unpleasant predicament, for they cannot support the bill, and necessarily stand by the side of the polygamists in this matter.

For two days the House has been occupied in an attempt to revise and amend the old rules, which needed sadly amendment, as any one can testify who has seen their practical working for a week. During the debate, Mr. Etheridge of Tennessee, a Southern Whig, and one of the few Southern men who are not fanatical on the question of slavery, gave the House a most admirable lecture, and, coming as it did upon the heels of recent outrages of speech on the part of certain Southern Democrats, it created a sensation. If any one can read the subjoined paragraph from his little speech without thinking of Reuben Davis of Mississippi,—who last week pronounced, in the same breath, Mr. Van Wyck "a gentleman" and "a scoundrel"—he must have a bad memory. Mr. Etheridge's remarks did not apply alone to Mr. Davis, but to dozens of other unruly members, and they were not specially aimed at any individual, but they made some gentlemen within reach of his voice turn all sorts of colors, and grow very restless in their places. He said, among other things:

"The question is not so much what is the parliamentary law, but enforcement of it on the part of the Speaker, and especially *obedience on the part of the House*. The report of the gentleman from Maine, [Mr. Washburn,] if adopted, will have no influence in expediting the business of the House, or making this body a dignified body, unless gentlemen first appeal to themselves—first reform their own conduct. A great deal of party prejudice finds its way into this Hall. A stranger who visits the Capitol would sometimes imagine that we were divided into armed bands, each ready to give battle to the other. It is nothing uncommon to hear a member allude to another substantially as 'the honorable the —— rascal on the other side.' [Great laughter.]

"MR. HILL. He precedes it with the designation, 'my friend.'

"MR. ETHERIDGE. Oh, yes! I made reference to no particular gentleman. But I will not pursue the matter further. Every one will feel that I could not have intended any personal application of my remarks. [Laughter.] I am willing, if it would conduce to the dignity and good order of the body, to concede *that I am the worst offender in this presence*. I will suffer vicariously if I can reform the manners of the House. [Laughter.] This is a grievous evil. It is bringing this House into public scandal, infamy, and disgrace. We ought to stop it. I suggest that, whatever rule we adopt, we ought to agree to be true and loyal to it; that we ought to agree to respect each other's prejudices of birth and education. Then, perhaps, we may hope to control these prejudices. Let us, if needs be, take a 'step backwards,' for there is not one of us, I think, who will not profit in so doing. None of us are sufficiently great to be authorized to say, 'I tread no step backward.' Let us go back to our rules, and, without regard to party or prejudice, let us maintain them. Let us cause gentlemen to know that when they cease to yield obedience to them, they not only destroy their own dignity, but bring reproach upon the body itself.

"Mr. Chairman, I have said this much because, for the last four or five weeks, I have felt inclined to address myself privately to members, and to entreat them to forget, for a while, party prejudice, and resolve to extricate the House from the deserved censure it has suffered, for weeks past, from a watchful people. I trust the House will not regard what I have said in the light of a lecture, but rather as an earnest but kind appeal, pertinent and proper, I trust, to the occasion. I desired to call the attention of the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Vallandigham] to it, for he has made, as he always does, wise and practical remarks in regard to the evils of which he complains. If he will go back behind the rules he will perceive that the true remedy is for every member to apply the reform, the remedy, to himself. The evil is in the conduct of members, not in the rules."

If a letter-writer were to have drawn such a picture of the House of Representatives, he would be in imminent danger of being expelled from the Reporters' Gallery.

The final act in the great Virginia tragedy—the execution of Stevens and Hazlett—has made a deep impression here, though little has been said about it. The Southern members evidently feel a little ashamed of the ferocity exhibited by the state of Virginia, and have an indefinable dread of retribution hereafter. The Republicans are silent, but have pondered well the event, and I believe this is true of the entire people of the free states. Can the free voters of the North and West fail to appreciate the character of the "domestic institution" which makes such cowardly and hideous punishments necessary? There is not a government under the sun, not that of Spain or of Naples, which would refuse to pardon a single person found guilty of an attempt at insurrection. It is only in a slave state of this republic that we find such weakness.

The Administration is making a tremendous fight in Connecticut this year, and is sending money and men into that state. It is boldly asserted by Democratic politicians that they can with their money, and by playing upon the pecuniary fears of Connecticut manufacturers, carry it in the April election, and they further claim, with a good deal of reason, that if they do carry it, it will settle at once the Presidential contest. It is to be hoped that the people of Connecticut are fully awake to the great importance of this election, and that they will not give encouragement to the slave power and a pro-slavery senator to Congress from New England. D. W. B.

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EAST WINDSOR HILL, March 16, 1860.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In your article of this week in reference to the ordination of Mr. Parker, you have unintentionally placed me in a wrong position. You refer to me as having sanctioned the ordination, and as therefore being indirectly accused of "heresy or laxity." It is proper for me now to say, that on the basis of the examination before the council, I was constrained to cast my vote against the ordination of the candidate. In the proper time and circumstances, I am not unwilling to assign my reasons for such a vote.

Respectfully yours,
ROBT. G. VERMILYE.

**California College.**—On Sabbath evening, the claims of the College of California will be presented at the Church of the Puritans, (Dr. Cheever's,) by the Rev. S. B. Bell. Services commence at 7½ o'clock.

The Independent.

Special Contributors.

THE following persons are engaged as special contributors to the columns of *The Independent*, over their own signatures: Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER D.D., (C.,) Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, (H. W. B.,) Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, (H. B. S.,) and JOHN G. WHITTIER, (J. G. W.)

Correspondents

from different sections of the Union; from England France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the Holy Land, have been engaged to write for the columns of THIS JOURNAL.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1860. NUMBER 590.

## THE PRESENT EXIGENCY IN HOME MISSIONS.

THE Home Missionary enterprise is passing through a period of extraordinary embarrassment. The attention of the churches has already been directed to the subject, in several recent appeals for increased contributions, but as adequate relief has not yet been provided, and as the extent, both of the causes and effects of this embarrassment, seems not to be generally understood, we deem it a duty to present a more detailed statement of the facts in the case.

### FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE WEST.

The financial storm which swept over the country in the autumn of 1857, fell with peculiar severity upon the West. The sudden arrest of improvements, projected and in progress; the paralysis of business; and the great depreciation of agricultural products, and of all kinds of property, produced universal embarrassment, and threatened universal bankruptcy. Multitudes were ruined. Others struggled on, in hope of relief from the proceeds of the approaching harvest. Two crops have since been gathered; but both have been, in most parts of the West, far below the usual average, and have yielded but little relief. Indeed, the burden of debt and the impatience of creditors have been increasing to the present time. The number of those who have sacrificed the homes which, with great effort, they had gained for themselves and their children, is very large; and a like fate now hangs over multitudes of others. A single individual, in a recent number of a newspaper in Iowa, gives notice to *one hundred and nine persons*, that he is about to sell their lands and tenements under foreclosure.

### PRIVATIONS OF MISSIONARIES.

It will be readily seen that the missionaries must have borne their full share of these disasters. Very few missionary churches have been able to fulfill promptly their engagements with their ministers. Many of them have paid but a small portion of the sums pledged, or have paid them in agricultural products, and after long delay. Consequently the missionaries have received but little *money*, except from the Treasury of this Society; and of course they have suffered much embarrassment. Such language as the following, taken from several recent communications, is by no means uncommon; and will suggest just inferences as to the past and present experience of these missionaries:

"The hard times are sore upon us here; money is very scarce, and provisions are still scarcer. Many families that fared well in the East are now reduced to little else than corn-bread and milk; and some have hard work to get that. Some have to mortgage their lands, and pay 4 per cent. per month, for money to get provisions for their families. I see no hope of the people paying their subscriptions the present year."

"The times continue to be very hard in this place. We are about forty-five miles from market; and farmers cannot sell their produce for enough to pay the cost of hauling it. Flour is a luxury which few can afford, and many are compelled to subsist upon the most frugal necessaries of life. We have had scarcely a pound of flour in the house for nearly two months, except a little that we have borrowed from a kind neighbor; still, we have great reason to rejoice that our lot is cast in far more favorable circumstances than that of many who are laboring in the cause of Christ. Money is almost entirely out of the question."

"The first half-year's instalment has now become due from this people; and though an effort has been made to collect it, but a single dollar has yet been obtained in cash, not a dollar's worth of produce, a few dollars' worth of clothing, and a few groceries. On this subscription I have relied for obtaining my own and my family's winter clothing. We have become exceedingly reduced."

Many cases of affecting destitution have been brought to our knowledge; but we do not feel at liberty to remove the vail which delicacy has thrown over them, nor to bespeak *especial* sympathy for a few individuals who are suffering only what is common to many of their brethren. We only remind the churches that here are LIVING MEN with WIVES and CHILDREN, looking to them for their daily bread; and we assert that those humble dwellings on the frontier witness a patient self-denial and a moral heroism, such as few pages of history record.

### PECUNIARY CONDITION OF THE SOCIETY.

The state of things described above has, of course, thrown many new and heavy burdens upon this Society. Several churches that had relinquished its aid, with the prospect of permanent independence and growing strength, have been compelled again to throw themselves upon its care. Many others receiving aid have sought, and some have obtained, increased appropriations, as the indispensable means of maintaining the worship and ordinances of the Gospel. The Executive Committee have carried retrenchment and economy to a degree that has been painful to themselves, and embarrassing to the missionaries. Nevertheless, the amount of their present liabilities, under commissions already issued, is about $95,000, which exceeds the amount of liabilities, one year ago, by more than $16,000. Yet, at that time, there was a balance in the treasury of nearly $15,000; now there is *none*. Nearly $20,000 are now due to missionaries, for labor already performed, and their claims upon the treasury are maturing at the rate of about $250 a day. The delays which have already occurred, in forwarding remittances, have occasioned great inconvenience and disappointment; and unless the treasury shall soon be replenished, much positive suffering will ensue.

### WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

We now submit, to the patrons of this Institution, and all who love the cause of the Redeemer, the question—*What shall be done?* The churches have not yet signified, to the conductors of the Society, their desire that the scale of its operations should be reduced. Indeed, to cut down, still farther, its grants to missionaries in its service, would be to drive them to other callings for a livelihood, or to commend them to the slow process of starvation. To decline, altogether, the requests of a portion of worthy applicants, would be to deprive struggling congregations of the bread of life, and their ministers, with those dependent upon them, of their only means of subsistence. To do either, would be to require with ingratitude the spiritual mercies which God has, of late, showered upon the churches of our land, and to falter in the execution of a trust such as he has committed to no other people. BUT WHAT SHALL BE DONE? The Executive Committee can disburse only what they receive. They contract no debts, except those to missionaries; and will be obliged to limit these by the means and prospect of payment. Of necessity, *the pecuniary response which is made to this appeal must guide their future action.* In their behalf, therefore,—in behalf of a great multitude, scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd,—in behalf of the shepherds themselves, toiling to gather these wanderers into the green pastures of the Gospel,—in behalf of him whose command is, "Feed my sheep,"—we earnestly commend these facts to the attention of the churches and their pastors, and again submit the inquiry—WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

MILTON BADGER,
DAVID B. COE,
DANIEL P. NOYES,
Secretaries of the A. H. M. S.

Rooms of the American Home Missionary Society, Bible House, Astor place, New York, March 1, 1860.

**Acknowledgment.**—The fund for the redemption of the slave in Alexandria jail is as follows:

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# SERMON
## BY
# Henry Ward Beecher.*

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out"—as if that was the country they were seeking—"they might have had opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 13-16.

The particular words which I shall emphasize in this passage, are, *They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.*

The apostle is setting up a peerage. He collects from the past the memorable names of Jewish worthies, and gives them the glory of the great title, *Faith*. The highest Order that was ever instituted on the earth, is the Order of Faith. This chapter is the portrait-gallery of the Book; and from it look down upon us the memorable names of remote antiquity. Of the earlier heroes, a little is gathered: of the earliest, nothing. Adam is left out. But why should he be included? Let them answer who think Adam was so perfect a man—who think he was the type and ideal of the final man. What word did he ever speak, or what manly thing did he ever perform, before or after his fall, that was thought worthy of a record? He has a name in the Bible, and that is all. His name is coupled with one event, and that is all. Besides that, his life seems to have been barren, and worth not one word of recognition. Such was the man who is supposed to have been perfect, and from whom the whole race have descended. The race has come up hill every single step from the day of Adam to this!

It is declared of these primitive worthies that they had a clear conviction of the future life; or rather that they had a fixed belief in it. However distinctly or indistinctly they may have learned its truths, they believed in it as a fact. They interpreted God's promises, therefore, as having a fulfillment beyond the grave. And when those promises were not fulfilled here, they were not disappointed—they did not think God had broken his word. They died in expectation of a better land, as in that faith they had lived. "Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

This figure, however, of an earthly pilgrimage, of an alienship, cannot be to us more than poetical. To the Jew it was historical as well. There is a double interpretation of the Bible always necessary. The Hebrew words must be changed into English words, and the local and national histories must be converted into corresponding truths in our experience, to adapt them to our understanding; for we are not Hebrews; we are American citizens.

All the patriarchs were nomadic; they were Oriental shepherds. There still wander through Arabian pasture-grounds just such chiefs, in manner of life, occupation, habiliment, and custom—in everything except religious faith and purity. They were, by their mode of life, wanderers.

After them, their descendants dwelt hundreds of years in Egypt, and then became a mighty caravan in the wilderness, and wandered for forty years, learning laws and practicing institutions in the desert. They were essentially wanderers.

The history of this people, from the earliest days to the time of their settlement in the promised land, made a profound impression upon the whole race, as a history of essential separation or nomadic wandering. Therefore, when the apostle told the Jews that they must be like strangers and pilgrims, there was a historic meaning in his words which struck a chord in them, just as a chord is struck in us when we say "Mayflower," or "Plymouth Rock," or "Puritan." This history stamped its incidents on the language. It gave its materials to the poetry of the Hebrews. It became the unfailing source of religious illustration. And down to the very end of that dispensation, and when Christianity supervened, taking its place, as the fruit takes the place of the blossom, it yet furnished illustration and analogy for the Christian faith, as it had poetry and homily for the Jewish.

But we must give force to this truth according to our modes of thinking, and our modern customs, and not attempt to put ourselves back, with a false literality, upon the Hebrew basis. We have long since gone past the age and customs from which this figure was drawn. What was civil society in those early days? There were almost no settled occupations. Trade, mechanic arts, were undeveloped, or rudely exercised. There were no schools, and no books. To read and write was a priestly function. Art itself was but another mode of religion, and was confined to religious places and usages. The cities were few. Commerce was yet but an occasional caravan. Ships were boats. Husbandry was shallow, and herdsmen predominated over the culturist. No looms were built; no mills ground food; no skillful tools gave the workman's hand quintuple power. If a man left his native land, he left very little behind; and if he went into any other land, he found as little. Life did not mean half—not a fiftieth part—as much as it does now; and when they killed a man in those days, they did not kill a ten-thousandth part as much as is killed when a man is killed now. A man that wandered away from his home was like a bird that flies out of a nest, and leaves it an empty cup, without one element to tempt him back, or reward him should he come. But it has answered its purpose when it has brought him to wing-power. After that it is rubbish.

But now how different are civilized and Christian communities. What wealth of dwellings! and each dwelling has more in it than some principalities or kingdoms had then. What wonderful structures, of stores, and mills, and manufactories, and temples, and churches, and palaces, and mansions! What implements! What farms and harvests! What schools and books! What winged knowledge, flying from the daily press, and, like the sunlight, visiting the poorest! What solid frames of just governments! What accumulated experience expressed in laws, and riper skill of procedure developed into institutions! Now society means something; and states are something, to visit or to leave. Now there is something worth caring for: then there was nothing. Society is rich with us which was poor with them. That which is the slack-spun thread with us, was the close-woven fabric with them. Society in those early days contrasted with ours very much as their boats with our ships—the one deckless, small, never daring to leave the land out of sight, and pulled with struggling oar: the other of many decks, vast, capable of holding a whole ancient fleet, itself almost a community, a wooden empire of the sea.

There could then be a certain literalness to this truth, to those to whom it was first uttered, but none to us. To the early Christians more than to us, though not to them so much as to the earlier Hebrews, was there a truth in being a stranger and a pilgrim. For you know the apostles and the primitive Christians were outcast. Men forfeited all claim on their native land, and society, and honors, and wealth itself, the moment they professed themselves followers of Christ. Therefore it was that if a man confessed with his lips that Christ was the Son of God, he was counted a Christian. It is not so now; for now to do that is to go with the whole gulf-stream of human life. Then, it was to go against the whole gulf-stream of human life. That which meant one thing eighteen hundred years ago, means another thing now.

Let us note, then, first, what is implied in this passage; secondly, what is intended by it; and thirdly, what are the effects of such moral conduct as it enjoins.

I. It is not to be thought that a Christian should act as if he despised this world, or that he should despise it. Many are led to this view by not considering well the language which is used in the Scripture. We are cautioned against giving ourselves up to the world. "Be not conformed to this world." "Whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." There are many other passages that vehemently exhort us to beware of the world.

But this refers to the world of men; and to them not as God-made, nor in a large view of their admirable capacity and possible worth; but simply in view of their actual moral condition in society. For, on the other hand, the Bible most distinctly recognizes the nobleness of this natural world—that is, the terraqueous globe—and makes it to be a co-ordinate revelation. This world, which we call nature, is indeed God's original revelation to man; and the Bible may be said, in a figure, to be God's commentary on the text of nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his hand-work." And the apostle enters into serious argument, charging on the heathen responsibility, on the ground that in nature they may discern the eternal Godhead, and declaring that the world was not made for anything else half so much as for moral revelations.

We are not, therefore, to suppose that this world is such a poor world. A great many men are addicted to much lugubrious soliloquizing and complaining about this unsatisfying world; but whether it is satisfying or not depends upon what men try to satisfy themselves with. If a man were to take a watch, and try to use it as a compass, to steer a ship by, he would say, "How unsatisfying this watch is!" Yes, to steer a ship by, but not to tell the time by. And when a man uses this world for things that it was not meant to be used for, it is an unsatisfying world; but when a man uses it for the things that it was meant to be used for, it is a satisfying world—it is a glorious world.

The frame of civil society is declared to be of God, and we are not to esteem the whole structure of civil life as a thing indifferent, or a thing without its religious uses, or a thing to be mourned over or despised.

Nor are the pursuits of life to be regarded as contemptible or sinful. On the other hand, the natural globe, the races that dwell on it, the necessary forms of society, and the legitimate callings of life that fill up men's days, are part and parcel of God's creating decrees, and God's providence supervises them all; and men are not to hold them in discesteem. We are commanded to be diligent in business, in the same verse in which we are commanded to be fervent in spirit. We are commanded to labor, working with our hands, that we may have for ourselves and to give to others. There must be competence and affluence, or there cannot be charity and comforts.

The enjoyments of life are not to be undervalued. God is not honored by a sentimental whining about this wretched world and this miserable life. There is to be a discriminated view of this matter. There is a vast amount of what is supposed to be pious sentimentalism about this unsatisfying state of things. It is not only false, but pernicious. That somber, despondent judgment and talk respecting the life that now is, and the world we live in, is not Christian; it is not manly. This is a very good world for the purposes for which it was built; and that is all anything is good for. A watch for time; a compass for direction; a plow for turning up the soil; a ship for the sea; a house for a habitation; an ox or a horse for labor; sheep for wool and food; a loom for one thing; an anvil for another; silks for persons; carpets for floors.

Now this world was made for an end grand and needful, and it is to be honored in every man's esteem for the things for which it was constructed. When you look at the globe, society, men's occupations, and the like, in this large view, the world is admirable. Its very rudeness, its hardness, its sufferings, are also a part of the primitive design, and are beneficial instrumentally. Men that love leisure never can understand what God means, who loves occupation. Men who put their supreme idea of life in self-indulgence, cannot understand what God means, who makes self-exertion, in himself, in angelic powers, in all his creatures, the test of real being. If men are seeking to be supine, to have infinite enjoyment without earning it, and God is determined they shall be stirred up by storms of hope and fear, pain and ease, in order that they may grow and develop, of course they cannot understand him or his administration. The prizes in this world are placed where those men shall get them who, by development, by opening and educating their powers, seek them.

No man shall have the useful iron that will not dig for it, or in some way pay those that do. God never built a house with his hands. The house of God is builded without hands in the heavens. He puts the oak in the forest, and the pine on its sand or rock, and says to men, "There are your houses: go hew, saw, frame, build, make." God builds trees: men must build the house. God supplies timber: men must construct the ship. God buries iron: men must dig it, and smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and, still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work man more than iron is wrought, that will shape man more than timber is shaped. Clay and rock are given us: not brick and squared stone. God gives us no raiment: he gives us flax and sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them and weave them. If we would have anything of benefit, we must earn it, and earning it, must become shrewd, inventive, ingenious, active, enterprising.

Now any view of this physical world, this temporal state, and its concerns, which makes a man feel ill at ease in his conscience when taking hold of them heartily and in earnest, is false—false to philosophy, false to experience, and falsest of all to Christianity. And that whole owl set of men, that raven, black-winged-prophet set, that sit on the dry branches of nature, and croak about this miserable world and this miserable life, belong outside of the line of Christianity. Not only are they not disciples of Christ, but they are not knowledgable men even in the elements of Christianity.

Neither is it to be thought that a Christian man should keep himself from all deep and efficacious interest in the great movements of human society, and of the age in which he lives. Sometimes men, with slippery logic, say that God employs wicked men for the furtherance of his purposes, and that they must carry on the great ends of life—that they must be hewers of wood and drawers of water—while good men, though more or less dependent upon such things, are not themselves to be concerned in them. Now no man ever will be a better man by seclusion, or a worse man by engaging actively and enthusiastically in the right things of human life. As strangers and pilgrims would pass through a plague-district, not stopping, if they could avoid it, but hastening on, and taking care to touch no infected thing; so some would pass through this life. But no man is appointed to pass through this life as if it were plague-stricken and infectious. And any man that undertakes to go through the world acting on the principle that it is a sin, on the whole, to have much to do with the secular avocations and duties of life, not only will have infinite troubles and inconsistencies in his own conduct, but will not understand the first letter of the spirit of enlightened Christianity.

In the end, if all good men practiced such a course, it would defeat the design of God in this world. For the right development of life and society furnish those very means by which we are to be trained for another state of existence. Some men reason as if there were no such things as good houses, good ships, good implements. They argue that if men would not, but so idolatrous they would have leisure to give their thoughts to Divine things. But the more a people give their thoughts to such things as houses and ships and implements, the more do they give their thoughts to Divine things. The fact is, paradoxical as it may seem, the more you multiply the physical comforts of a people, the more do you make them spiritual; and the more you reduce their physical comforts, the more do you make them animal. Anything that multiplies a man's capacity in material things, has a tendency to carry him higher up toward God. It does not do it in every case; but it may do it, and usually does do it. Although, so far as individual men are concerned, a man may be a Christian, and be a poor man, an illiterate man, an industrious man, an uningenious man; yet, so far as nations and races are concerned, you cannot make a nation or a race wise and skillful in spiritual things, if they are ignorant and unskillful in the things of this world. And for this reason: the world is a grindstone, and races are axes which are to get their cutting edges by being ground on it! The very object for which God thinks it worth while to turn and roll this round globe, is that by its very attrition and working men may be made men in every sense of the term.

The family; the school; the church; regulated and virtuous civil society; wholesome and normal occupation, which increases physical comforts—all these make the number of children reared to high moral character greater, and the training of such children easier. Therefore, the very way to train our children for heaven, is to surround them by such conditions of human society as will have a powerful, though indirect, influence upon their moral amelioration and up-building. I would rather undertake to bring up my child to virtue and morality and piety in the city, bad as it is, than on the desert of Sahara, or on a flat rock where there was nothing but him, me, and the rock. You could bring up a toad-stool there, but not a man. A man must have something to feed on, something to think about, something to wake him up, something to inspire him. What kind of a battle could a man fight alone? A man to fight, and to be a victorious, courageous man, must have something to fight.

An opposite view, carried out, would make this world a desert, and the receipts of heaven from this world not worth the appointing of a registering angel.

The men that gather wealth, that take wholesome pleasure in its achievement, that have enthusiasm in the events and changes of the day in which they live, are not any the less strangers and pilgrims. They are just as much good; or, if not, it is their own fault, and not because they have taken a wrong course. The world may be used or abused. It certainly is abused when you do not use it. It may be an instrument of benefit and benevolence, or of selfishness and lust. But to use the world is the indispensable condition of progress in normal life.

This declaration is not meant, then, to make men despise God's comprehensive ordinance of time and the world, nor to make them neglect and underrate daily duties. The road to heaven is just as short, and may be just as sure, from Wall street, as from Trinity church, that stands at the head of it, holding up the cross in ever-living light. And a man may go as straight from the store, shop, or deck, to heaven, as if he kept weary watch in a cloister, or had shivered himself to death in a cave. It is a man dying with his harness on that angels love to take. I hope those old water-logged saints that died soaking in damp stone cells were taken to heaven. They had hell enough on earth, and it would be a pity for them to have a continuation of it in the other world; but I think they were the poorest of all human commodities ever taken in!

When God wanted sponges and oysters, he made them, and put one on a rock, and the other in the mud. When he made man, he did not make him to be a sponge or an oyster; he made him with feet, and hands, and head, and heart, and vital blood, and a place to use them, and said to him, "Go! work!" And the man that does not go and work is not a man in the end; while the man that puts the vigor and enthusiasm which God inspires into the life that now is, becomes a man indeed.

Therefore, our being attracted to things in life, our having a zeal in society operations, is normal. It is not something wrong stealing in on our characters; it is only our characters working out in right directions. It is not unmanly or unchristian to do these things; but not to do them is to be less than a man and a Christian.

God thanks no man for despising the universal ordinance of work. The greatest abuse of the world has nothing to do with its legitimate using, any more than abusing the mind itself is an argument against the nobleness of the divinely created human soul.

Let us dismiss, then, all these monkish notions. Let us set aside our going out of the world for the sake of sanctity. Let us take a higher meaning from these poetic and historic allusions by which we are commanded to hold ourselves aloof from the evils, but not from the facts—the necessary facts of existence.

II. What, then, is meant? The truth that is expressed here is one fundamental to human nature—or rather, the general truth out of which this springs. It is an exhortation to look forward to our whole life, and not to fix our eye on a part, and the least part, as if that were the whole. It is a command to look to the ever-glorious truth that we are to live in another sphere, developed to the full proportion of our being. Here we make a beginning; there a completion. This life is merely a beginning; it is not an ending. This life is a means of which the other life is the end. We are, therefore, always to subordinate that which is the means to the end.

See how this truth is written in everything, and interpreted in everything, in human life. All periods of man's life are looking forward. The process of his development is like that of a plant. Every intelligent botanist will tell you that in the growth of a plant no subsequent stage can be developed except through the steps of the previous ones. When it has arrived at a certain stage it is fitted to do something more. And when it has done that, it is capable of doing something more. The second stage could not produce the fifth without the interjection of the third and the fourth. There is this necessary application of means to ends all the way through.

A babe is born. In and of itself it is good for nothing. Ah! a babe in its mother's arms is a prophecy; and it is the thing prophesied of it that the mother loves. If you look at it as it is, you see little in it to attract regard; but the mother looks forward, and what she expects makes it dear to her. The child is the mother's telescope, and she sees through the whole of her life by that.

But as the child begins to develop, and comes to the prattling age, that age is relative to the next. And the child is not completed even when it comes to youth. It feels itself to be perfect, but it is only relative yet. It has gone a certain way toward itself, but it is not itself. Youth never stands as if that were a completion of its being. The young man works for the next thing; and that for the next. Earlier periods work for later periods. Manhood prepares for old age; and old age prepares for something beyond. Human life is drawn out in sections. Every step is relative to that which is next beyond it; and every later step is a necessary product of that which immediately precedes it.

All labor is under the same general law. It is instrumental and relative. The spade is good for nothing in itself. Its value is in the work it does. The value of the plow is in the furrow it can turn. The value of the mowing-machine is in the grass or grain it can prostrate. The value of everything done in summer is not in the thing itself, but in what it is going to do in the harvest-time. The mowing-machine tells what the spade and the plow are worth.

But the harvest itself is not the final end. It is relative to a man's appetite. It is that on which he is to live. It is his nourishment and strength. But what is a man nourished and strong good for? He is relative to something that he is going to do as a citizen—as a laborer in the great world-field. And that is relative to something beyond; for mere labor is but a means to a higher moral or social end. Why do we labor? That we may attain certain moral or social advantages. And even these are relative to the great purposes of human life.

Everything bends to wealth. Everything feels the power of wealth. Everything turns toward it as the needle turns toward the attracting loadstone. But when you have got wealth, have you got an end, or only a means? Wealth is good for nothing except for what it can do, except for what use you can make of it. If a man is worth five hundred million dollars, and it is locked up, not used, it is worth to him just what five hundred million bushels of wheat are to a man that eats not a kernel, and sows not a grain. It is as good as dirt, and no better or worse. Wealth, as a power, is a tremendous power. As a means, it is a tremendous means. As an end, it is good for nothing.

Every part of higher occupation bears the same nature. Nothing is for itself good. Everything looks forward, and is measured by what it can do in revealing a future thing. Do you ever think how curiously God has stamped himself in this world. The everlasting, the forever-active, the time-working God—when he makes things, he never makes them outright, but make them so that they go on perfecting themselves. He, as it were, lends his genius to everything that grows. He does not cause a plant to come forth perfect in an instant. When a seed is put in the ground, he touches it with magnetism, so that it becomes a little creator, and shoots out a stem, and carries it through all the subsequent stages of its growth.

In all organizations up to man, and most eminently in man, and especially in men of genius, we find this same divine trait—namely, the power of making, the power of creating. We derive it from God. It is that subtle analogy or line of connection which takes us back to our Divine parentage.

Reading and writing are relative. The want of these things is disgraceful; but in and of themselves they are good for nothing. If they were good for anything in and of themselves, a man that could read and write a strange language would be as well off as a man that could read and write in his own tongue. If reading were good for anything in and of itself, I might as well read for you in Hebrew—and as to that matter, I might for a great many of you! But the more intelligent of you desire to comprehend the meaning of what I read, and therefore it makes a great difference whether I read to them in a strange or a familiar language. The ability to read and write is merely something put into your hands by which you can do something. It is good not for what it is in and of itself, but for that which it is looking forward to in the future.

Skill is good for nothing except in its relation to, and its power to take hold on, the future. No man, merely because he has art-power, is, therefore, to be congratulated as an artist. It is the power of the artist to create, and he is to be measured by what he does. And there is a distinction to be made between *artisans* and *artists*. Where a man does a thing that has been done before, where a man does a thing that calls into exercise no new power, he is an artisan. Where a man builds a house essentially like houses that he has seen built before, he is an artisan; where a man paints a picture without embodying in it any new thought, he is an artisan. But where a man is an artist he has inspiration, and says, "Here is a language by which I will thrill a man's imagination, by which I will touch a man's feeling, by which I will irradiate a man's dwelling;" and he paints a picture that preaches to men, comforts the sick, gives hope to the drooping heart, and sheds light upon the darkened soul. Copyists are not artists, any more than a dog is an artist because he draws a little baby in a wagon behind him! It is he that makes mechanical art the servant of power that is the artist.

In every profession, everything a man touches or does is an instrument, and not an end. There are no ends in this world. Everything is in a scale. It is the genius of the world that everything shall take hold on something in the future. We hear a great deal of ado made about an undue restlessness, or a want of contentment, in men. There is a fable of a man who was offered a great price if he would find a person that was contented, and who went around the world for that purpose. Now there is a sense in which a man, looking on the present in the light of the future, and taking his whole being into the account, may be contented with his lot; that is Christian contentment. But what philosophers want is that a man shall be contented in just the state he is in. But I tell you, if a man has come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin; for a contented live man is a sham! If a man has come to that state in which he says, "I do not want to know any more, or do any more, or be any more," he is in a state in which he ought to be changed into a mummy! Of all hideous things mummies are the most hideous; and of mummies, those are the most hideous that are running about the streets and talking! I would rather see the old Egyptian cerements, than those men that are content with what they are, and do not want to be any more! The thing which ministers and moralists generally are stigmatizing as a human infirmity, I mark as the element of God in a man.

It is not in accordance with the Divine economy that we should be content in this world. We are so created that our higher faculties are never satisfied. Love for ever says, "More love." Power for ever says, "Give me higher power." Knowledge never feels itself to be knowing, but always asks for more knowledge. What is there in skill that does not conceive of greater skill? What man in his attainments does not see steps like those of Jacob's ladder, whose foot was on the ground, and whose summit was angel-crowned in the heavens? God has made the human mind so that it is always seeking the future, as a plant in the dark struggles toward the least ray of light. It is the nature of man to go outward and upward. Aspiration is the law of his being.

Hence, we are never to deem this life, or any part of it, a completed thing. The whole world, and all its history; human society, and all its treasures; individual life, and every part of it; all pursuits; every stage; every result—these are only steps leading to other steps. We are all of us in a world that marches, and calls to march. Life moves on a circle, endless. Nations and kingdoms move on. Men move and march, and we must keep step, and for ever move and march! We are strangers and pilgrims. We are not settled. We never shall be in this world. Nothing is finished here. Every step is a preparation for the next. That is a preparation for the next; and that for the next. The whole of this life is one grand march toward life indeed, and life in earnest!

III. Let us, then, look at some of the results which flow from the foregoing exposition of this truth. No man who regards this life as an end can ever be happy in it. Men were made to be happy. Never was a musical-box so exquisitely arranged for the playing of sweet tunes, as the human organism is for the production of the music of happiness. The trouble is, we wind it up the wrong way. The instrument slides out of measure, and we play three or four tunes wrong, and mixed together. A most discordant thing, therefore, is man, although exquisitely organized for happiness. We are established in the wrong way. We have been learning how to use many things. We know how to use the stars better; we know how to use wood and iron better; we know how to use wind and steam better; we know how to use ten thousand things better; but alas! our chief ignorance is in that which concerns ourselves. The pit that is deepest, the pit that is most unexplored and most unfathomable, is that which is the wonder and glory of God's thought and hand—our own soul.

No man, then, who regards this life as the end of his being, can ever be happy in it. It is not enough to *say* this. It must be a truth like a natural law, believed and acted upon unconsciously. Our very happiness here requires this—at any rate our highest happiness. Unconsciously, almost, our minds rebel against the necessary law of our happiness. We are constantly coming short of our duty either because we do not understand, or will not obey, this law. Out of their nature, all things are worthless but for mischief.

As means to an end, all things are good. As ends only, they are good for nothing. And this is the reason why I read to you that singular chapter from Ecclesiastes, which made many of you stare so, where Solomon told what he did. He did a great many things that I hope will never be done again. He went through a wide circuit of folly which many Solomonunculi have undertaken to go through since. He got him pleasure, he got him servants, he got him silver and gold, and he said to these things, "Now, then, make me happy!" If Solomon had been half as wise as it is pretended he was, he would have known better than to have started on such a fool's errand as that. But he found out that he was a fool; and it requires a great deal of wisdom to find out that much. Many men live fools, and die fools at last. This man Solomon took the life-blood of an age, and put it in his cup, and drank it, that it might make him happy; and he was not happy after all. He vainly sought the things of this world as ends of life.

This is the history of Byron, who tried to make himself happy by an intense concentration of his life on single objects of enjoyment or pleasure, and failed. It is the unconscious, subtle thread of Goethe's "Faust." It is the history of a great and noble nature that takes a flight through all possible experiences of genius, to find at every step that it is weariness, vanity, and vexation of heart, simply because he expected to find a resting-place, an end, instead of a means to something beyond and higher.

Pleasure, as simply a means to an end, and so sought, is harmless and beneficial; but pleasure sought for itself—pleasure sought for pleasure—is disorganizing in the beginning, wearying in the middle, and corrupting in the end.

Wealth is excellently good, and seeking wealth is good, if it be rigidly held simply as a means to a greater end. But wealth, sought for wealth, and kept for wealth, is not good. I would rather have a red dragon around my neck, than be tied to red gold, if that was my dragon master. Men that have wealth and do not know what to do with it, are the most miserable men out of hell—and they ought to be! There is a fable told of a man whose gold was poured molten down his throat. The same thing is done every day in the year among us; and we hear the victims squeal perpetually, in their wretchedness and misery.

Power is good, influence is good, where it is merely a means to a higher end; but the moment a man stops on it, and thinks of it as an end, it ceases to be good. Art, genius, literature, learning, skill, labor, and all other things in this world, when regarded as means, are good; but the moment they cease to be stepping-stones to a goal in the future, the moment they cease to be milestones on the way toward immortality, they become accursed. When held for purposes of good, they are angel ministers, but the moment they are held for what they are in and of themselves, they become instruments of destruction. Mercy, justice, duty, attainment, and the like, are righteously good, but the moment you cease to use them for deciphering the eternal world, the moment you say, "Let us have three tabernacles on this mount of vision," that moment you become bewildered, amazed, insane.

This, then, is the secret of life—to seek all you can lay your hand on, but to seek it only as a round of a ladder which is good for nothing for a man to sit and roost on, but is good to enable him to take another step, that step being only preliminary to the next. We are living on a flight of stairs in this world, and we shall not touch the chamber floor till we touch the vestibule of heaven.

We are, then, to temper our pleasures, and to alleviate our troubles, by refusing to dwell upon them as if they were final experiences, and by training ourselves to measure them by their relation to the future, whether in this life or that to come. And you do not know, if you have never tried it, what an effect it will have. You cannot imagine what a waste-basket the future is. How things will accumulate on your table and along your way, if you have no heaven to throw them into! but the moment a man has the vast sweep of the eternal world for his depository, how will his troubles be alleviated or destroyed, by his looking at every part of his life as relative to that!

Suppose I *am* disappointed! My first feeling is one of annoyance, perhaps; but my second feeling is, "Why, he that makes the ground fertile by frosts, is making my life fertile by disappointments. He sends them upon me that I may be broken up, disintegrated, comminuted, rendered pulverulent, and thus be in a state to promote better growths." When a man finds that he is tasked enormously with the cares of life, God sends some angel to whisper to him, "This is the way you are to be made strong and noble." Even the beggar finds comfort in this voice of encouragement, and says, "I thought it was a beggar's pack that I was struggling under, but God tells me it is armor; and I am strong enough to carry it." Let us apply this interpretation to our burdens, that it may change their nature, and make them easy for us to bear.

When I visited the mint at Philadelphia, I went in to see the engine. I found little pleasure in looking at anything else there; but this was so exquisite in its workmanship that it afforded me much gratification to examine it. There was a balance-wheel, weighing, I should think, some two or three tons, and having a diameter of some fifteen feet. It was set so perfectly that when I looked across it I could not see the least motion, and it appeared like a black line drawn perpendicularly on the wall. So wonderful had been its adjustment, and it run so absolutely true, that its motion was imperceptible. When I looked at the machinery I saw that this immense wheel was revolving, and that it gave evenness and regularity to the play of the whole. It carried everything exactly right. When the plate of metal was put in, and was being cut, the engine worked with about the same speed as at other times, by its momentum. Now, God sets the eternal world swinging round and round, and every man connected with it is held steadily in all his life-work.

It is how much of the invisible we can bring into this life that makes this life rich and valuable. I will tell you a secret of gardening. Turnips and other crops that have long roots, and depend mostly for their nourishment on the soil, exhaust the soil; while those crops that have broad leaves, and take the greater portion of their nourishment from the air, organizing it, and turning it into the soil, enrich the soil. Now let me tell you that that which makes this life rich is that broad-leaved experience which derives its support from the air of the future world. And the man that is most impalpable and invisible in this life, has most of this life itself.

I remark once more, that no man can measure himself as to what he is, and what he is to be, until the revelation of the last day. If everything is relative, of course we must wait for the outcoming. Therefore God says, "The last shall be first." A man that seems to be built for immense achievement in this life, makes this life the end of his being, and comes to nothing. Another man has slender powers, but works for something higher than this life, and comes to an unexpected inheritance in the other life.

My friends, it is not the first part of the voyage, but the last part, that tells whether it is a successful voyage or not. The ship De Witt Clinton lies on the coast just below here, disabled. The prosperity of twenty-six days she lost on the twenty-seventh, when coming into the harbor. However prosperous your life may be here, if you stick on the shore, and do not come in on the other life, you are a wreck! You must take care of the last part of the voyage, or you take care of nothing at all!

It behooves us all to bear about in our minds these thoughts. We are admonished every day that we are to live for something beyond this life. God sends all kinds of teachers to you. He sends you your children, and tells you by their nature to look forward. He takes your children from you, as if to say, "Follow them." This morning I am admonished by the death of Alonzo Gray, a classmate and personal friend to me, and known to you as the estimable teacher of an institution on Brooklyn Hights. He has gone home.

Why, how fast God has been filling up the other world by drawing recruits from our midst! Three dear children were taken out of one household almost in a day; and there is many a household from which one has been taken. If I should strike the drum, and call for mourners, they would rise up on every side. This is a world in which we cannot be content with the present. It is a world in which we must be looking forward. There is a land without tears. There is a land without noxious insect or venomous plant. There is a land where growths never wither. When men have reached that land they will be content, but not till then. Brethren, we must be watchers. We must be travelers. We are only sojourners here. Let us be strangers and pilgrims, traveling to that better land whose brightness makes twilight even in the darkest day of this.

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* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, March 11, 1860. Reported for *The Independent* by T. J. Ellinwood.

## MR. SPURGEON IN PARIS.

So many opinions have prevailed respecting this popular preacher, that his coming to Paris was looked forward to with interest, as affording him an opportunity of showing his best powers upon a new field. He was invited to come to Paris by his friend, Rev. Mr. Blood, an English clergyman, who had been temporarily supplying the pulpit of the American chapel. The committee of the chapel generously offered him the use of their house. The collections to be taken at the chapel during Mr. Spurgeon's visit were to be appropriated to the building of his Tabernacle in London. The pulpit of the "Oratoire," the *cathedral* church of the French Protestant Society in Paris, was also thrown open to Mr. Spurgeon.

The first result of his visit was certainly a novel and happy one. Ministers and Christian people of different evangelical denominations were drawn together in a number of united prayer-meetings at private houses, where a fraternal spirit prevailed. Earnest prayers for the blessing of God upon the preaching of his Word were offered by the brothers Monod, and other French pastors, as well as by clergymen of the English Established Church, and of the Methodist Church, and by American ministers. Forms were laid aside, differences forgotten, and the softened voice, glistening eye, and warm grasp of the hand, showed that a real sympathy existed among them. The scattered elements of Christian feeling and faith in the city, seemed to be glad of an occasion that developed them, and brought them together.

On the evening of the 7th of February, Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon in the American chapel, Rue de Berri. This service was well attended. The chapel was full, and the aisles crowded. All his congregations were chiefly composed of English people. At the "Oratoire" a larger portion of the audience was French than at the American chapel. There was no rush, however, at either place. The capacity of the houses was quietly and entirely filled, and that was all. But it was something remarkable for Paris. Mr. Coquerel draws such audiences on the Sabbath, but we know of no one else who does so. Whether he could have done the same five times, on week-day afternoons and evenings, is a question.

After prayer, and a running comment upon the 103d Psalm, Mr. S. said that he should preach upon the simplest text in the Bible. He then announced his text from Acts xvi. 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He commenced with the description of a city of refuge in old Hebrew times, and the roads leading to it. These were made straight and smooth, that the fugitive might not miss them, or stumble on them, but shoot over them to the open gate, like the arrow from the bow. These roads were carefully kept. It was the duty of preachers to keep the roads to Christ as open, and straight, and smooth as possible. All he would do, then, would be to heave out of the way any stone of stumbling that might obstruct the sinner from coming that night to Christ. He went on to clear the road—1st, Of the stone of a man's imagining that he was too great a sinner to be saved; 2d, Of the stone that he was unable to come to Christ; 3d, That he had not enough feeling; 4th, That he had doubts, fears, and evil suggestions. Then he told what *was* this refuge, this salvation. It was Christ alone, not even the faith that brought to him. It was Christ's five wounds, and bleeding side. He ended with a touching appeal to come at once to Christ. Say not, "Go away, thou sorrowful man, thou makest me sad, and destroyest my happiness. I cannot endure thy thorn-crowned head, and deep gashed side." This plan was as simple as it could be. The preacher seemed to wish to say nothing else but Christ—to point to him crucified and bleeding. He tore down all drapery, all form, all doctrine, all philosophy that hung around the cross, and vailed the *blood* of Christ. He spoke in this relation some strong and earnest things. "The five wounds! the blood! the blood! the blood!" He dwelt upon this with passionate pathos.

We will go on to his other sermons. There was a fresh and sensible, it may be said sensuous setting forth of the agony and passion of our Lord. The sinner might almost say, "*How* do those five wounds bleed for me? *How* does that blood wash away my sin?" And to answer this, in the simplest way, would be philosophy.

The next day, at 2 o'clock, Mr. Spurgeon preached another sermon in the chapel, upon the passage contained in Eph. iii. 19: "And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," etc. We might know that which was beyond our powers to grasp entirely. We might know the science of astronomy, without piercing all the secrets of the illimitable universe around us. The knowledge of Christ had to be learned in its own proper schools. The first school was holy Scripture. The second school was Penitence. The third school was Suffering. The fourth school was Communion. The fifth school was Heaven. He then went on to speak of *what* was learned in these schools, or the true nature of the Love of Christ. 1st, Its breadth; 2d, Its depth; 3d, Its length; 4th, Its hight. This easy and textual plan was beautifully filled out. There was everything in the sermon to charm and move the mind. *Little* love, little faith, was precious, he said. By touching the hem of the Savior's garment the woman was made whole. But it was the Christian's privilege to be filled with the love of Christ, to pierce its depths, to soar into its hights, to lie in the embrace of his God. This love was not a miserable trickling stream soon running dry, but it was a broad crimson river, flowing from eternity. The love of Christ was deeper than any sin. It was higher than any attainment in holiness, or heavenly joy. In treating of the different schools in which this love was learned, his language (said a friend) might have satisfied Coleridge or Charles Lamb. He said the Bible was not a book of rules, dry as autumn leaves, but a great rich illuminated missal, delightful to turn over, every leaf filled with golden letters, and exquisite pictures, and flowers. He traced the features of Christ in it from Genesis to Revelation. In speaking of the enduring character of the love of Christ, that it was from God and therefore unchangeable, he introduced a most touching episode, borrowed from an old writer, of a conversation that might be supposed to have occurred at the feast given on the return of the Prodigal Son. In the midst of all the joy, the son was sad. "What makes you sad, my son?" said the father; "is there not enough of good things at the feast?" "Oh yes," said the son. "Do you doubt that I love you, my son?" "Oh no, father." "What then makes you sad?" "I feel, father, that I shall sin again, and go away. *Make me stop here*, father." And the father promised this, and sadness rolled away from the face of the son, and the feast went on with unclouded joy. The simple, tender manner in which this was told, brought tears into many eyes.

Mr. Spurgeon preached again in the evening at the church of the "Oratoire." His plan is to make a short introductory prayer, then give out a hymn, then read a portion of Scripture, with copious exposition, then another hymn, and the sermon. He reads every verse of the hymn twice, and insists upon loud, universal congregational singing. He gave the organ a contemptuous baffet for spoiling all the singing, and would have it done away with altogether. Congregational singing, and united prayer, always accompanied a revival. His subject for the evening was Prayer, from Psalms lxxiii. 27. Prayer was—1st, a touchstone; 2d, a whetstone; 3d, a tombstone, to some who would not pray. There were many powerful passages in this sermon, but it had not the rich and delightful flow of the morning's discourse. He compared prayer to a bell in a tall tower. The rope hung down to earth; and when it was pulled it made music in heaven. But if the rope were cut, there was no response on high. There must be true union with God in the heart through faith in Jesus, to make prayer efficacious. Prayer, he said, was invincible. Like the Old Guard, God's children kneeling might receive the hosts of evil upon the bayonets of their prayers. This whole passage, which was highly elaborated and impassioned, was spoken in a kneeling attitude. This dramatic power was continually perceptible in Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. He at one time held the great Bible above his head with outstretched arms, to show that it was above all human authority.

The fourth sermon was in the American chapel, on the next afternoon. It was the crowning effort, and established the conviction in the minds of all who heard it, that the preacher was capable of a very high character of calm literary excellence, and of elevated spiritual thought. His language flowed like a river, easy, abundant, clear. After expounding the 23d Psalm, comparing it with the song of a nightingale, till it sung itself into heaven, he took his text from the first sentence: "The Lord is my Shepherd." He was a Shepherd—1st, for Guidance; 2d, for Protection; 3d, for Provision; 4th, for Instruction; 5th, for Peace, Joy, and Life. It was a sweet pastoral sermon. He had evidently been in the sheep-feeding districts of England. He

their own fate. It is *now* argued, as if it were ground of reproach to the British Minister, that this consolidation of Italian interests gave occasion to the French Emperor to press for Nice and Savoy! as if good were not to be done lest evil should follow. M. Thouvenel, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, answers the notorious circular letter of the Pope. Numerous precedents are cited to show that the temporalities and territories of the Pope, and of other ecclesiastical rulers, have been dealt with, and any intention of interfering with "*spiritualites*" is disclaimed; but popes, cardinals, and priests contrive to include many gross, material, and ponderous matters within their "spiritual" circle.

Count Cavour hastens the meeting of the parliament at Turin. He has addressed a letter to the Commander Buoncompagni on the affairs of Central Italy, in which he says:

"It is no longer a secret that diplomacy demands, as a condition of its consent, a new manifestation of the wishes of the people of Central Italy. This final demonstration of firmness and unanimity might appear superfluous to us, who have witnessed the noble fervor and spontaneousness of the wishes already expressed by the populations, but it is desirable to obviate every pretext on the part of those who would represent these manifestations of the popular will as having been dictated solely by the imminent danger of an armed restoration. Now the principle of non-intervention is about to receive public and more explicit confirmation, the sublime signification of this great act of the national will will not be lessened in the eyes of Europe and of posterity. I therefore hope that the new assembly will be able to give its legal sanction to this fact, which will immediately open a new era in the history of Italy."

There is increasing disquiet in Venetia, and increasing and horrible tyranny. There are perturbations and alarms in Sicily, and incertitude at Naples. There are evident warlike preparations on the part of Austria, one of these being (hollow) concessions to the Hungarian Protestants after the eleventh hour. Russia again raises the idea of a congress, while the French Emperor is damaging the Italian cause and the English alliance by his Savoy scheme. The pride of three small families, who severally call themselves Russia, Prussia, and Austria, revolts at the idea of a national life, and the expression of that life, apart from Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and Hohenzollerns:—would that these could "take physic" for a while, as white-complected negroes, under the care of the famous Southern Dr. Legree!

The citizens of Geneva have sent a fervent and patriotic address to the Federal Council, prompted by the fact, that the annexation of Savoy to France is an actual dismemberment of Swiss territory. They say:

"The union of Savoy to France has just been decided on: the neutralized ground is about to form part of the French territory, and Geneva will be hemmed in by that vast empire. As the key of the road of the Simplon, and forming part of the line of defense which extends from the Maritime Alps to the Tyrol, may not the Canton of Geneva as well as that of the Valais, have to fear from one moment to another an occupation for which political necessities may serve as the pretext? These fears are not exaggerated, for history is a proof of them. Faithful and dear confederates, the Powers around us are in arms; our frontiers, open on every side, have not a single soldier. Switzerland alone appears tranquil and without mistrust, and only deriving her strength from her good faith and the goodness of her right."

They call to arms, and raise the old cry, "One for all, and all for one."

General Sir William Napier, an able man of the sword and of the pen, has been subdued by all-conquering death. He is to be buried this day, at noon, at the Norwood Cemetery, near the Crystal Palace. His history of the Peninsular war will be a lasting monument. I inclose an interesting anecdote relating to the preparations for and the writing of this great work; showing how large a portion of the labor was taken by the accomplished wife of the historian. A few days since a bookseller asked of me $15 for a worn and damaged copy of the history.

W.

## FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

ITALY, February 27, 1860.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

GENTLEMEN: It is impossible to delude one's self: the situation of Italy is more critical just now than it has been ever since the Peace of Villafranca, and the friends of her independence are more alarmed at the present complications than they were even after the famous declaration of September last in the *Moniteur*, that "France had accomplished her task." I hasten to say that the present difficulties do not arise from the internal state of Italy. Here—I mean in Sardinia and the free provinces—everything goes on quietly and harmoniously. With a steadiness of purpose of which few would have believed them capable, the Italians—both governments and people—have adhered to their first declarations about their annexation to Piedmont, and not an act of the governments, not a manifestation among the people, could authorize a doubt as to the invariableness of their resolutions. But while on the part of the Central Italians everything was simple, and clear, and easy, it was not so with the European Cabinets, especially with that of Paris. The latter, or rather the French Emperor, seeing the irresistible movement which brought Central Italy under the scepter of Victor Emanuel, put in a claim which is now checking the progress of events, and may eventually prevent, or render more difficult, a peaceful settlement of the affairs of Italy.

It is now beyond doubt that before the war broke out—probably at the time of the marriage between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilda, there was a secret treaty, prepared at Plombières by Cavour, and then concluded between the French Emperor and the Sardinian King. Among other things stipulated in that treaty, it was agreed between the two parties that, in the event of a war taking place between Piedmont and Austria, France would at once join the former, and that, should they together succeed in throwing Austria out of Italy, "from the Alps to the Adriatic," the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom would be given to the King of Sardinia, who would, in that case, abandon Savoy to France as a compensation for her trouble. Of course nothing was said at the time of Tuscany, the Romagna, and the smaller Duchies, and the peaceful revolutions which took place in those countries were quite unforeseen. Still less did any one imagine that Tuscany and the Romagna would ever dream of merging themselves into another monarchy. Now you know what has happened: the Austrians were *not* driven out of Italy; Venice remained in their hands, with Peschiera, Mantua, Verona,—and the whole of Central Italy threw itself into the arms of Piedmont. From this new and unforeseen situation do the present difficulties arise. France claims Savoy from Piedmont, and her Emperor says: It is true I have not conquered for you the Venetia, but I am disposed to allow you much more, since you may have Central Italy. To which Piedmont answers: I do not owe you Central Italy, since it freely and spontaneously gives itself to me,—a gift which you could only prevent by force; on the other hand, I cannot give up, in yielding Savoy, the strong protection of the Alps on the north, as long as in the south my frontier is open, entirely unprotected, and I am threatened constantly by those powerful fortresses, from which at any time Austria can invade me. Vainly are my dominions enlarged, if I cannot enjoy them in safety. Whether Piedmont intends or not ultimately to yield Savoy, is a question. I have reasons to believe that Cavour sticks only for a time to the letter of the secret treaty. But the demands of the Emperor of the French are not limited to Savoy; he would wish also to obtain the county of Nice, and thus to make one step more toward obtaining the natural frontiers of France in the maritime Alps as well as in the Alps proper. Here, not only Piedmont, but England and Prussia, and other powers, raise their voice. England will not have France enlarged and strengthened; Prussia will not have the theory of the *natural frontiers* applied on the Alps, because she foresees the day when, somehow or other, the Rhenish provinces might be claimed upon the same reason. Austria, of course, unites with England and Prussia in their opposition to the wishes of Napoleon. Meanwhile she prepares herself for another struggle. Indeed everybody seems to prepare for it. France does not withdraw her troops from Rome; she, on the contrary, prepares to increase them. The fifty thousand men left in Lombardy continue there, ready for any emergency. Piedmont is arming and drilling its young troops. The Bolognese are fortifying their city, and the armories are as busy as on the eve of the last war. As to Austria, she is crowding Venetia with troops, and stuffing her fortresses in Italy with ammunition. The restlessness of the people of Rome is increasing. Gen. Guyon can hardly maintain order in the streets; the same impatience under the yoke of the Pope is manifested in the provinces. Naples, without a ministry, and with a King as bad as his father, but much less intelligent, is more and more discontented. There the Jesuits are all-powerful. Under the last reign, their influence was checked by King Bomba, and their journal, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, was prohibited. Now you can see the *Civiltà* advertised at the corner of all the streets of Naples, and the reverend fathers occupy the highest positions. Most of the members of the Royal family are confessed by Jesuits, and while they can influence at pleasure those who command, they are allowed to rule over all the institutions of learning and of public instruction. The King does not conceal his *ultramontane* inclinations, and only the fear of France has prevented his sending an army into the Pope's States, to uphold and restore the crumbling power of His Holiness.

Such is, just now, the political situation of Italy,—full of complications and of dangers. Left to herself, she would soon enter, strong and one, the family of European nations. Her protectors and her enemies are at present equally endangering her freedom. God grant that she may pass victoriously through this her last struggle, perhaps, for independence.

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The rumor that a bull of excommunication is to be fulminated against the Sardinian Government and people, and against the Romagnoli, is gaining ground. It does not seem to frighten much those who are threatened with the Roman thunder. The *Gazetta del Popolo*—the most popular and influential newspaper in Italy—announces the Papal bull in the following article under the rubric *Feste di Carnovale*: "We are assured that the Carnival Committee is to have the good fortune of being able to offer the public, in the last days of that cheerful season, an amusement unexpected, in comparison with which all the most entertaining displays of carnival will appear trite and insignificant. Not to make a mystery of it, we will say at once that the said Committee is to receive from *Nardoni & Co. of Rome*, [the Pope's Government is vulgarly known under that name—*Translator*,] an article in good condition, which is commonly called *scomunica*, and in Latin *fusetta magna* . . . . . We do not mean to unveil beforehand the mysteries of carnival; therefore we content ourselves to-day in congratulating the public on that unexpected increase of things to laugh at," etc., (*Gazetta* of February 15th.)

Remember that this is written in Italy, and read with delight by thousands of Italians, and you may judge how much more moral ground even than territory, has the Church of Rome lost in the Peninsula.

AONIO.

## A VICTORY OF PEACE.

ENGLAND, Feb. 25, 1860.

A GREAT and decisive victory of peace has been won this morning in the House of Commons. Ministers have had their Treaty-Budget measure sustained by 339 votes against 223. This is beyond expectation. The Conservatives and Protectionists have been greatly damaged, both by their tactics and by the discussion. With something like unworthy cunning, Mr. Disraeli superseded a motion from his own side on the general issue, by interposing one on the method of procedure. This was discussed, to his great damage, and rejected, by a majority of 60. Then came, from the same side, the general motion, which, if carried, would have broken budget, treaty, and administration together. This would, indeed, have been a pretty dish for masquerading Protectionists to have set before the Queen and the country. The debate occupied three sittings, and closed two hours after midnight this morning. The battle has been fought with skill and ability on the Ministerial side. And by his courtesy and candor, and by his willingness to receive practical suggestions from the many "interests" which are touched, Mr. Gladstone has won golden opinions, and greatly strengthened his position and that of his colleagues.

In truth, the results of reduced customs and excise taxation have been so magnificent and beneficent, that to argue for continued progress in the same direction, seems like that defense of Hercules, which called for the response—"Who vituperates?"

The debate has been good, and in the best House of Commons' tone. One almost fears the reputation Mr. Gladstone has won; as, in a measure, it will be capital to the most dangerous ecclesiastical party in the world. His opening speech, for method, clearness, apparent simplicity, and power, was marvelous. His second speech,—extemporized, and yet having to deal with history and with special facts and figures,—in answer to Mr. Disraeli, was a display of power in another form. Mr. Disraeli was exposed, refuted, and corrected at every step; and treated with a lofty superiority and quiet contemptuousness, as having been "puerile" in his arguments; all of which had a terrible personal, political, and poetical justice in it.

Our excellent friend, Mr. Edward Baines, Leeds, came out well; adducing potent facts, as one personally acquainted with and penetrated by them. The enormous growth of the woolen manufacture, and of the commerce in wool, upon the abolition of the tax on its export, was, indeed, a case in point. Mr. Bright excelled himself. As usual, his speech was that of an earnest man thinking aloud; (is not this *a* secret of true oratory?) and not only so, but a man speaking in the inspiring presence of a great and beneficent event, which he had labored and longed for. He, too, had a double rebuke for the Conservative leaders. He first produced, from one of Mr. Disraeli's works, written many years ago, the description of a splendid French dinner on cold plates, suggesting that if the talked of French treaty could be had, English dinners would be improved by French wines, and French dinners by English plates, which would bear being made hot. A disparaging sneer at Mr. Cobden, from Mr. Disraeli, gave fair occasion for a warm and discriminating eulogy from his friend, which I would fain transcribe. But without further description or comment, I add entire an unique leading article from *The Daily News*:

"The battle is won. Ancient jealousies and exploded errors have been invoked in vain. Protection may now go back to its holes, and take the spirit of war with it, for through the House of Commons the country has declared for Peace and Free Trade. The majority—'ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN'—is triumphant. This victory will resound throughout Europe, and its fruits will be blessed by our children's children."

*The Daily News*, with twenty-one columns of Parliamentary report, with an analysis of over three columns, was obtained by your correspondent, sixty miles from London, eight hours after the closing of the debate; and this hastily-written letter has now to go by the mail which left Liverpool this morning. This, of course, is an Irish bull, which is proper; the letter will go to Cork, and be there before the departed mail. So we make haste, and live fast; hardly knowing how we live.

W.

## STATEMENT OF DRS. HAWES AND SPRING.

MESSRS. EDITORS: It was quite natural that you should hesitate somewhat as to the accuracy of the statements made in the letter of a Connecticut pastor, published in your issue of Feb. 23d. And it might have been well had you hesitated so much as to keep back, at least till more fully informed in the premises, a document containing such grave charges against a young pastor just settled over his church, and by implication against the whole council that assisted to place him in his present position. You rightly say that if the statement is true it should be published and prayerfully considered; and if not true, the correction should be made, and as widely published. It is a question, however, whether it is best to publish a falsehood or doubtful representation affecting character and the vital interests of religion, merely because it can be corrected, or without waiting to get the facts in the case. Falsehood, with her light slippers, can fly through city and country, scattering seeds of dissension and jealousy while truth is yet putting on her boots, and getting ready to follow after to correct the evil. It may be doubted whether another person present at the examination of the candidate received such impressions as are sent forth by the author of the letter, and now published through the land. Taken as a *whole* the letter is adapted to make only wrong impressions, and in *parts* it is utterly untrue, charging the candidate with saying what he did not say, and keeping back what he did say, on the same points.

Mr. Parker (the candidate) read a somewhat long and particular creed before the council, which was followed by a careful examination, chiefly in the line of the articles of faith adopted by the church, and in which all the members of the council participated who chose. The creed referred to is before us, and this, with our own recollection, will enable us to state what is true in the case, and to correct what is untrue.

The first charge in the letter relates to inspiration. "He denied emphatically the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures." This implies that the candidate held such views on this subject as would invalidate the authority of the Scriptures. Here is his creed: "The Scriptures were written by men inspired of the Holy Ghost. They are a unit, a body, of which the various books are the members; that each book has therefore a polarity toward the cross,—hence all this Scripture is inspired—is the word of God—the Holy Ghost, the distinctive inspiring power, enabling the sacred penmen to give adequate expression of the truth, whether revealed to them, naturally apprehended by them, or simply communicated through them." Whether this implies verbal inspiration or not, it is certainly equivalent to it, and contains all that is necessary to make the Scriptures a complete and authoritative work of faith.

The next charge is—he was not clear on the Trinity—doubted as to the use of the word persons, and stated that the unity of God meant "one personality." Hear again his creed—"I do most fully believe in God the Father, in God the Son, and in God the Holy Ghost, yet one God. Christ is God human, the humiliation of the Eternal Logos. The proof of this doctrine (the Trinity) is found only in the Bible, and it was clearly held in the apostolical and primitive church. I believe in the Holy Ghost." On being questioned as to his views of the Sabellian theory of one God, manifesting himself under a three-fold name, or three-fold relations, he expressly discarded it as untrue, and admitted fully, as understood by the council, to hold, as his creed plainly implies, the common orthodox views of the Trinity, involving a three-fold distinctive personality in the Godhead.

The third charge is, "The candidate distinctly affirmed that God has no holy nature, man has no sinful nature." Yet he said in his creed—God is *essentially* and *eternally* holy. The statement in the letter directly contradicts this, and is suited to make a false impression. The candidate did not choose to ring changes on the word nature; but regarding all holiness and all sin as predicable only of voluntary choosing mind, he felt that he could not predicate holiness of the simple being or constitution of the Deity, nor sin of the passive, inert nature of man. Thus he said in his creed, "Holiness is the supreme choice of the mind, by which the person is devoted to the universal rather than to his individual interest and good." He said further that "he believed all men were sinners by *nature*;" "that such was the corruption of the soul, that each person obeying the influence of the depraved affections and desires, would sin, as soon as he comes to act consciously of right and wrong." He does not believe that man is blameworthy for his nature, or for its hereditary corruption. And who does, or who can? As to what the letter charges "that the candidate holds that every man has ability in the sense of adequate power to fulfill the commands of God"—let that speak for itself. It is accounted no deadly heresy, at least in this part of the country, to hold that man has power to do what God commands him to do, or that he cannot be justly blamed or punished for not doing impossibilities.

The next thing charged in the letter is that "the Gospel is not absolutely necessary for the salvation of adult heathen." The candidate said no such thing; but expressly stated "there is no salvation without Christ." He believed that some heathen, as some other persons who have never heard of Christ, may be renewed and saved through him, or on account of what he has done,—but all in this way, and only in this way. This is no new doctrine, nor is it any heresy. It was held by Watts, Emmons, Dwight, and other distinguished theologians, and is also distinctly taught in several Confessions of Faith as adopted by the Reformed churches,—that of the Presbyterian Church, and others. Again: "God will give all men a fair chance." Does the writer of the letter think this a heresy, deserving excommunication? The candidate explained the phrase to mean—"God will deal justly with all men, according to what each man hath." This explanation is certainly sanctioned by authority not safely to be called in question. But the letter draws an inference from the statement just referred to—"hence, if all men have not a fair chance in this life, they will have it after death." This inference is wholly gratuitous. The candidate said no such thing, and he gave no grounds for any such sentiment to be charged upon him.

The gravest charge of all is this: "The candidate openly stated that he *inclined to the belief* that after death, and before the judgment, there was a state (Hades) for all souls, where some who had died impenitent, and some who had rejected Christ in this life, would have a new offer of Christ and salvation and the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be saved,—so that if called to the death-bed of an impenitent sinner, and knowing that he had but a short time to live, he would not shut him up to faith in Christ within that time, or final ruin." Now there are several very sad errors charged in this statement, not one of which was *held as an opinion* by the candidate. He repeatedly said before the council "that he had no belief at all in a future probation for those who died in impenitence under the light of the Gospel." He said he was sometimes inclined to the belief that the Bible spoke of an intermediate state, or place of departed spirits, called Hades; but that he was wholly undecided in the matter, and especially stated that for such as knew their duty and rejected Christ in this life, he believed there was no future probation; that for such as had never heard of Christ, and had lived and died in ignorance of him and of salvation by him, the *possibility* that there might be a future probation sometimes entered his mind in the form of a hope, never in the shape of a conviction. He admitted repeatedly that he had no Scripture for such a sentiment, and that it floated in his mind as a thing which perchance might be, and was allowed a place in his thoughts rather as a relief to his feelings, than as founded on any evidence. This is the whole. It was regretted by the council that his mind was in such an attitude in respect to this subject, but they could see no sufficient reason in it to refuse ordination. As to what is charged in the letter that "if called to the death-bed of an impenitent sinner, and knowing that he had only a short time to live, he would not shut him up to faith in Christ within that time, or to final ruin," it is enough to say that he expressly stated he should never feel authorized to broach the supposition of a future probation, either in public or private, to any impenitent man. It may be added that the candidate signified his assent to the articles of faith adopted in the church of which he was to be ordained the pastor, and it is to be presumed that he did it sincerely and fully.

With that spirit of holy horror which sees fanaticism in a manly, frank way of telling the truth, we have no sympathy. It is said of the Roman army that, except the shedding of blood, a stranger could not distinguish their exercises from their battles. Did your correspondent in his simplicity mistake the animated discussions of the council in Hartford for veritable antagonism? Not a drop of blood was shed; and candidate and council retired from the field on terms of tried and approved fellowship. That wail of sorrow which comes from your correspondent at the imaginary apostasies of Connecticut churches, is so dolorously *soloistic*, as to sound very ludicrously here. There is no foundation, save in a morbid imagination, for the lugubrious lamentations of said reporter.

The facts are now stated. How far they differ from those stated in the letter, the public must judge. No motives are imputed, no comments are offered, no reflections are cast upon the author of the letter. He must be left to his own reflections—which we can imagine must be not of the pleasantest character; and we conclude with the earnest wish that, while he stands up for the truth, he will not bring false accusations against his brethren, and that the next time he attends a council of Congregational ministers, assembled to examine and ordain a Congregational pastor, he will bear with a more candid spirit, and report with a more accurate pen.

J. HAWES,
SAMUEL SPRING.

Hartford, March 2, 1860.

## HELP FOR POOR CHILDREN.

### Children's Aid Society.

WHAT right-feeling man is not eager to help poor, unbefriended children, and especially children who are trying to help themselves? The Children's Aid Society, as is well known, are seeking, by many ways, to clothe, shelter, and instruct the poor little wanderers of our streets, and especially to give them good homes far away. They are certain that they accomplish this in the most economical way: their whole expenses amounting only to $12,210 for the past year. With this small sum they have given employment and homes to (about *eight hundred*) poor and vagrant children, they have supported the News-Boys' Lodging-House, with its 4,000 different homeless boys, sustained the School for Italian Organ-grinders, with its 120 scholars, the Boys' Meeting and Industrial School in Hamersley street, and have employed, in the poor quarters of the city, "Visitors" for befriending and finding out destitute and homeless children, and for filling up the "Industrial Schools."

It is well known that this Society depends almost entirely on *individual contributions*, a large portion of which are unsolicited. It becomes necessary, therefore, every season to remind their friends and the public of their wants. The Trustees are the more impelled to this now, as, with the increasing solicitation for the children from the West, and the increasing numbers of houseless boys at the Lodging-House, they find they have not the means for doing their work as thoroughly as it should be done. The Lodging-House has only room for 70 beds, and sometimes, in a stormy night, 15 or 20 street-boys, more than can be accommodated, must lie in their dripping clothes on the benches of the school-room. We need, too, better bathing arrangements, and more room for instruction and means of attraction to this industrious but hard-pressed class of lads. Our number of Visitors, too, ought to be increased, for upon their efforts depends the finding out and relieving of the miserable children of the poor wards of the city. We wish to employ, also, more Western agents, to look after the children already placed, and to place others in good homes.

Surely there are thousands of warm-hearted men and women in this city, and every part of the country, who would gladly double or treble the amount of this work for outcast children by their contributions.

Each giver must remember that his donation goes directly to the charitable purposes of the Society.

A portion of the moneys sent will be appropriated (as may be designated) to the new Lodging-House for these boys, and a portion to the work of finding street-children and placing them in country homes.

The Trustees have never before asked the public for especial contributions without meeting a liberal response, and they do not fear to be disappointed now.

**Donations can be sent to the President, J. L. Mason, 111 Broadway, or to the Treasurer, J. E. Williams, Metropolitan Bank, or to the Secretary, C. L. Brace, 11 Clinton Hall, Astor place, New York.**

## STEVENS AND HAZLETT.

### THEIR LAST HOURS AND EXECUTION.

#### Visit of Mrs. Pierce and Miss Jennie Dunbar.

THE telegraph announced from Charlestown, on Friday afternoon last, the execution of Stevens and Hazlett, the two remaining prisoners of Captain Brown's party at Harper's Ferry. No further record, in addition to the first brief telegraphic statement, has yet been made public. The dispatch states merely that the town was thronged with visitors; that several companies of military guarded the field; that the prisoners were resigned to their fate, and seemed cheerful and firm; that, in the last moments, Hazlett appeared to have been instantly killed, while Stevens exhibited many convulsions and died hard. Thus Virginia has taken vengeance of the last of her unfortunate victims, to whom no one, in all the state, appears to have shown a kindness, with the single exception of a humane jailer and his compassionate wife.

Of one of these prisoners, Hazlett, but little has been made known to the public—not even his true name, which was not Hazlett but Harrison. He was one of the youngest of Capt. Brown's companions, and remarked, while in prison, that on the day of his execution, March 16th, his age would be exactly 22 years 22 weeks and 22 days. He had a serious and thoughtful mind, yet was fond of adventure, and often exhibited much personal courage. Of his views and purposes against slavery, he wrote in a letter, on the day before his death, these honorable words:

"I am willing to die in the cause of Liberty. If I had ten thousand lives, I would willingly lay them all down for the same cause. My death will do more good than if I had lived."

Aaron Dwight Stevens was a more remarkable man. He was regarded by Capt. Brown as his most reliable lieutenant. He seems to have inherited his revolutionary principles from his great-grandfather, who once presided at a public meeting in Pomfret, Ct., in furtherance of the American War of Independence, and who sent a personal gift of £20 sterling to Gen. Washington at Valley Forge. What could be expected of a young man in whose family had been transmitted, through four successive generations, so signal an example of sedition?

Stevens was born and bred a Yankee boy, in Norwich, Ct.; lost his mother, and left home at an early age; earned by his industry an honest living and a good name; took up arms in Kansas in defense of her freedom, and took up arms against Virginia to liberate her slaves. On the day before his execution he reached his twenty-ninth year. His personal appearance was in no small degree prepossessing. A recent photograph, taken in his cell, represents a face remarkable for an intelligent, amiable, and benevolent expression. He had large blue eyes, and auburn hair and beard. He was noted among his friends for the animation, and oftentimes brilliancy of his conversational powers. He was a favorite in social companies as a singer. His father, Mr. Aaron Stevens of Norwich, (choir-leader in the Rev. Mr. Arms's Congregational church,) says of him: "My son had one of the finest base voices I ever heard." He was of a kind and sympathetic nature, which led him always to take the side of the innocent and wronged. Any specially kind act from friend or stranger would move him to tears. Writing from prison to a person who had befriended him during his sufferings, he said: "I believe I shall be killed with kindness sooner than in any other way."

His sister, Mrs. Pierce, of Norwich, (a lady who, though considerably younger, bears a striking resemblance both in face and figure to the wife of Capt. Brown,) visited the prisoner at Charlestown, and held repeated interviews with him during the last eight days preceding the execution. The jailer, Capt. Avis, allowed her every facility of access, without being compelled by military orders (as in the case of Mrs. Brown) to search her person for hidden weapons or poisons. Indeed, there seems to have been no foundation even for a suspicion that either of the prisoners desired to make so poor a choice of deaths as to take suicide in preference to the scaffold.

On her arrival at Charlestown, before her first entrance into the cell, Capt. Avis considerately removed the chains from the prisoner's feet, that she might not be unnecessarily reminded of the discomfort of his confinement. Stevens, in speaking afterwards to his sister of this act, said of Capt. Avis: "He is the finest man in Virginia; there is not another like him." A photograph which we have seen of Capt. Avis, shows a face of unmistakable decision, courage, and kindness.

"I asked my brother," said Mrs. Pierce, "what was his intention in going to Harper's Ferry."

"It was for good," he replied; "it was to help my fellow-men out of bondage. *You* know nothing of slavery; *I* know a great deal. It is the crime of crimes. I hate it more and more, the longer I live. Even since I have been lying in this cell, I have heard the cryings of slave-children torn from their parents."

He then narrated, in detail, that during his imprisonment a woman had been sold in the jail, and separated from her husband and three children. He stated also that in the family of the jailer was a slave-girl who had run away from a severe mistress on account of unkind treatment, and who fled for refuge to Mrs. Avis, by whom her time was bought, and by whom she will eventually be set free.

During one of Mrs. Pierce's visits, a Virginian called to see the prisoners in order to tell them that the slaves at the South were in a better condition than the poor people of the North.

"I am poor myself," replied Stevens, "but I never yet saw the day, in all my life, when I would have exchanged liberty for riches."

On another occasion, his sister asked if he had been roused to a bitter or revengeful spirit, under his wounds and during his imprisonment; to which he replied—

"No; for I believe I can truly say that I love every man, woman, and child on earth; I can forgive the man who hangs me. When we went to Harper's Ferry we had no intention to injure a single human being; our design was to free the slaves without bloodshed, just as we had done in Missouri; we carried rifles and pikes only for self-defense, and to inspire, by the appearance of military force, a fear of resisting us in our project. I think that no man was killed by any of our party until after I was shot down while bearing a flag of truce. Some of the Virginians were killed by their own party, by mistake. As for myself, I did not shed a single drop of blood, except from my own wounds."

Stevens was pierced in different parts of his body, by six bullets, two of which he carried, lodged in his neck, to the grave.

"I am glad," he said, after a reference by his sister to the great pain which he had suffered, "I am glad that I did not die of my wounds; for I believe that my execution upon the gallows will be a better testimony for truth and liberty."

His sister sang with him several hymns, among which his favorites were the following:

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,"
"To-day the Savior calls,"
"We're traveling home to heaven above."

He was so greatly comforted and cheered by his sister's companionship that on one occasion he said to her,

"I may ask you to go on the scaffold with me, and if I do, I want you to go." This he said playfully.

His moral courage under his trial and in view of death is clearly manifest in his numerous letters written in prison, many of which we have seen. The following extracts are equal to the best sayings in the letters of Capt. Brown:

*Dec. 17th.*—"I wish you a long life and a happy one, and in your last days the thought of having helped the world forward instead of back."

"The bouquet you sent me is very beautiful. I have hung it up south of the window, over the little table I have to write upon. It always has a smile of love and kindness."

*Jan. 31st.*—"My trial comes on to-morrow. I shall soon know my destiny. I have not much hope short of anything but the better land."

*Feb. 5th.*—"I hope your soul is so strong that sorrow cannot find a lodging there. I am cheerful and happy, patiently awaiting the fate of man—Death."

*Feb. 19th.*—"I could bear all the sorrow of the world, if I had it on my shoulders."

*March 13th.*—"It makes my soul overflow with sorrow to see men with great talents use them in defending what is both a curse to themselves and to all mankind."

"I have had a glorious time with my sister here: she is such a bundle of nerves that I am almost ashamed of myself when compared with her. There is no greater joy on earth, for me, than to see a noble woman: for in her I see more of God than in anything else."

"I hope you will always, as you love yourself, as you love woman, as you love man, as you love God, work with hands, head, and heart for the happiness of all mankind."

On the afternoon before the fatal day, a new visitor was admitted as a welcome guest into the cell—Miss Jennie Dunbar, an intelligent and amiable young woman from Ashtabula county, Ohio—who had just been to Richmond on a fruitless errand to the Governor to plead for the prisoner's life. Her coming was not unexpected to Stevens, for frequent letters had passed between them, of such a character as had served to strengthen a friendship, which, though it was not (as stated in the newspapers) an affianced love, was only made stronger by separation and misfortune. The prisoner regretted that she should have lost so much of the last remaining precious time, by going a useless journey to fall on her knees before an unpitying Governor of an unpitying state. She says that she had buoyed herself up with the hope of obtaining a pardon until the moment of her entering the Governor's office in the Capitol; "but," said she, "the moment I looked into his eye, I saw that there was nothing in him to which I could make an appeal." It is sufficient to say that she was coldly received and coldly dismissed by the Governor, who had already taken the pains to say that he could not save the prisoner's life, and that he would not if he could.

Of the affecting interview in prison during Thursday afternoon and evening, the public has no right to know the secrets or the sorrows; and we will not lift the vail to disclose the scene.

On Friday morning the two prisoners, in company with the two ladies and a brother of Hazlett, newly arrived, took breakfast at one table in the passage-way of the prison, before a final separation. Mrs. Pierce, on entering the cell, was so overcome by the sudden realization of her final visit, that she hastily retired until she could return with more composed feelings. Miss Dunbar burst into tears, but was soon calmed by her friend's greater cheerfulness of spirits. The interview was brief, at Stevens's own request. At an hour which he himself had previously appointed, a carriage was driven to the jail to convey the visitors away from the town before the preparations for the execution were begun.

The victims were led upon the scaffold at noon, and paid the forfeit of their lives. The bodies, after being cut down, were put hurriedly into cheap stained-wood coffins, and sent by express for burial at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. The funeral was held on Sunday morning, at the residence of Mr. Marcus Spring of Eaglewood. Among the attendants, at the exercises, in addition to Mrs. Pierce and Miss Dunbar, were Mr. Stevens, the father of the deceased, Mr. Edwin B. Meach, an uncle, and Rev. Mr. Arms, all of Norwich. The faces of the deceased were not exposed to view, on account of discoloration. In the button-hole of Stevens's coat was found a black Protean ring, with a red and a blue ribbon in it; the latter marked in ink with the names of "A. D. Stevens" and "John Avis." The ring was sent in this manner, at the prisoner's special request, as a memento to Mrs. Pierce. The bodies are laid in the cemetery at Eaglewood, in a beautiful spot on the summit of a hill crowned with a thick cluster of well-grown evergreens. The remains of both lie side by side, between the graves of James G. Birney, former candidate for President of the United States, and Arnold Buffum, president of the first American Anti-slavery Society.

# Religious Intelligence.

## CONGREGATIONAL.

MAINE—LEBANON.—The pastoral relation between Rev. Wm. A. Fobes and the Congregational church in Lebanon, was dissolved by a council, Feb. 14th, on account of his feeble health. By his activity, faithfulness, and ability, he had gained the respect and affections of the people in Lebanon, and they yielded reluctantly to his request to be dismissed. It is believed that freedom from pastoral care and labor will be the means of his recovery—when he will again be as useful and efficient as ever in his Master's service. M. E.

WOOLWICH.—On Wednesday, the 7th inst., an ecclesiastical council, pursuant to letters missive, convened at 10 A.M. in the Congregational church at Woolwich, Me., to examine and ordain as pastor of said church Mr. M. L. Richardson.

Introductory Exercises, Rev. Mr. Strout; Sermon, Rev. J. O. Fiske; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. E. Whittlesey; Charge to the Pastor, Rev. E. Whittlesey; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. T. S. Robie; Address to the People, Rev. J. O. Fiske; Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr. Pogg.

The candidate, in the soundness of his doctrinal views, evinced the orthodoxy of Bangor Seminary, and, in the promptness and clearness of their presentation, showed himself a worthy exponent of her theology, and promises to be a preacher as well as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. R.

CONNECTICUT—DR. BUSHNELL.—We learn that Dr Bushnell has given notice to Mr. Webber that he will want his house in Winthrop street this spring, and that Dr. Bushnell will return to this city as soon as the weather permits. His health has been improved by his winter in the clear, dry, highly electrified atmosphere of St. Paul. It is the true policy of most invalids to go North, rather than to the humid atmosphere of the West Indies or our Southern states. Try a winter at Pembina sooner than a winter in Santa Cruz.—*Courant.*

NEW YORK—LEBANON.—The new church at New Lebanon was dedicated Jan. 19th. Sermon by Dr. Todd of Pittsfield. The church, somewhat novel in its style and arrangements, has been pronounced, by the most competent judges, to be one of great taste and beauty. Instead of pews there are movable sofa seats, resting upon a carpet woven expressly for the church. The fresco decorations, and windows of stained glass, the latter being obtained by the kind donations of absent friends, harmonize artistically with the architectural plan.

IOWA—A REVIVAL IN GRINNELL.—We learn from a private correspondent that an interesting revival is in progress in Grinnell, Iowa. Sixty-eight persons were united with the Congregational church, and twelve or fifteen more are expected to be received at a subsequent communion. About thirty persons have united with the Baptists and Methodists. Our correspondent says: "A wicked sea captain is among the converts—who has been the instigator of all the mischief in the place for years." At the last communion sixty-six members were received by the church, of whom sixty-one came in by profession, and five from other churches. This church was formed five years ago, on the open prairie, with seventeen members. It now numbers upward of 230 members. So much by beginning right.

## METHODIST.

CONSERVATISM IN MISSOURI.—Bishop Ames opens the Kansas and Nebraska Conference to-day, and probably purposed preaching in Jefferson City on his way there. He is about the last man to be accused of ultra sentiments of any kind, or of preaching with "a torch in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other." The resolution granting the use of the Legislative Hall for a religious service, to be conducted by Bishop Ames, was introduced in the Legislature by Mr. Hudgins, and was adopted, after some discussion, by a vote of 46 to 44. Then followed the following display of ignorance, fanaticism, and vulgarity:

Mr. DAVIS moved to reconsider the vote taken upon the motion of the gentleman from Andrew.

Mr. AMENT had learned that the gentleman (Bishop Ames) was an Abolitionist, traveling for the purpose of demonstrating his principles.

Mr. DAVIS of Nodaway said if the man was a servant of God he should have the use of the hall; he desired to see him, even if he was an Abolitionist, because as yet he had never seen such a creature.

Mr. FAGG desired to know what authority they had for declaring the gentleman an Abolitionist.

Mr. DAVIS of Buchanan said he received his information from the gentleman from Henry, Mr. Stone.

Mr. KING of Ray had understood that Daniel S. Dickinson of New York belonged to the Northern Methodist Church, and no doubt, though his name had been hoisted by many papers for the Presidency, this fact was fatal to his chance for getting the nomination.

Mr. STONE said that the Northern Methodist Church was an avowedly anti-slavery institution, and that every member believed that a slaveholder was a barbarian and a savage, and hence he presumed that this gentleman was a Black Republican.

Mr. GUITAR felt that he might be that and a gentleman too.

Mr. STONE—We differ a little on that. (Laughter.) This man is a so-called minister of the Gospel, who expounds the doctrines of the Church, a torch in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, and no doubt, like the rest, he was of the John Brown order.

Mr. TURNER of Clinton felt they were unduly dignifying this preacher and undignifying themselves as a body and as a Legislature. He voted against the resolution, and should vote against reconsidering it.

Mr. HUDGINS said this man was a Bishop, and had nothing to do with the politics of the country; he lives in Indiana, and was not even here; he regretted having introduced the resolution, and he was sure, after the proceedings which had taken place, he would not accept the use of the Hall, but speak from some stump in preference.

Mr. CONWAY having no proof that the man was an Abolitionist, he should vote against a reconsideration.

Mr. AMENT desired to change his vote for the same reason. In his section there were Northern Methodists who were good Christians.

Mr. DARNER said this Bishop Ames had presided over a Conference in Indiana where they passed resolutions to send out missionaries here to abolitionize Missouri, in spite of the devil himself. He did not believe that Daniel S. Dickinson was a Northern Methodist. If he was, he could not be a national Democrat. He believed he was an Old-School Presbyterian, who believed that slavery was instituted by God.

The motion to reconsider was then sustained—62 ayes, 35 noes. The resolution

THE INDEPENDENT.

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# The Independent.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1860.


## DUTIES TOWARD POPULAR INFIDELITY.

In a former article we have called attention to the causes and the diffusion of unbelieving notions, not so much among men of thought and science, as in the popular ranks. In view of this phase of skepticism, it is a grave question, How we shall so bear ourselves, and so present our religion to the world, as to offer the strongest resistance to infidel tendencies? The simple fact that we are social beings requires of Christians the distinct exercise of a Christian influence. By which we mean, an influence that operates the peculiar powers, and is exerted in behalf of the special requirements of Christ and his religion,—faith as well as virtue,—piety no less than morality. That is, every member of a Christian community has it among the inevitable conditions of his life, that he is invoked to bear express testimony for Christian righteousness. The very place of his birth and the law of his nature fasten upon him this appointment. To escape it, he must strip off the attributes of his organization and unhumanize his heart. His ordination to this sacred office, of consistent witness-bearing for his Master, both by character and speech, by hands and by tongue, comes from the necessity of his position; and each separate drop of blood running in his veins, because it is kindred to the blood of all other nations and men,—a part of the great tide that throbs through the pulsations of humanity,—is the unction. If he disowns the duty enjoined by these interlacing relations to his fellows, it must be by an act of rebellious violence against God's voice, by falsehood to the Providence in his constitution, by some vicious treachery of selfishness against the commanding facts of his soul.

Further than this: special duties are charged upon us, by the special characteristics of the times when we happen to live. If any causes have called into action a particular species of habits or speculations hostile to Christianity, these must be met by a particular kind of resistance. If skepticism or irreligion is made peculiarly seductive and dangerous by any peculiar tendencies at work in the social structure of the age, then it becomes us so far to watch and understand those tendencies as to throw the whole weight of our testimony, in the most simple and direct way, on to the side of belief—thus conscientiously and affectionately helping the weak faith of our brethren by the strength of our own. This is certainly a demand as reasonable as it is merciful; and it is emphatically enjoined by the entire spirit of the Savior's ministry, seeking the lost sheep,—by the cross that was borne for the world's sins; by parable and precept; by the charity of evangelists; by the apostolic exhortations to regard "him that is weak in the faith," and to "bear one another's burdens." Ever since the race was made of one family, there is a solemn and tender sense in which it has been true, that *we are* our brothers' keepers, and that the souls of others shall be required at our hands in the judgment. How then shall we fulfill this solemn and urgent trust?

First of all, we are to see to it that our faith is both a vital and a practically efficient faith. No mistake was ever a more total and complete inversion of the truth, from root to branches, than the idea that religion is recommended to "people of the world," and is made to take a favorable hold on minds inclining to skepticism, by being held with laxity, or exhibited with indifference. There is a power in real earnestness, anywhere, vastly more impressive on all natures, than that cool and careless sort of conviction which is always ready for compromises with the opposite party. If there is any law of impression, it is that *heartiness*, in any interest, recommends that interest, and commands respect for it, while indifference brings it under contempt. Earnestness is an attribute of manliness, and quite indispensable to moral grandeur. If we knew any shrewd, sensible person, prejudiced against Christianity or thoughtless about it, we would seek to conciliate his confidence and his regard for it, not by introducing him to a society of lukewarm and languid Christians, in whom their faith held a divided empire shared by money, fashion, or ambition,—whose devotion never mounted into self-sacrificing zeal, but barely sufficed to carry them occasionally to a meeting-house, or dragged them through some other heartless formality; but we would lead him into some devoted brotherhood, all whose souls were aflame with the love of their Master and loyalty to his cause; who found in the unfailing offices of piety and philanthropy an exercise for the noblest ardor that burns in the breasts of heroes; and who more than matched all the activity and enterprise of worldly business in their consecrated toils and prayers for the kingdom of holiness and heaven. 'Here,' such a man might say, 'here is a reality; an interest that will compare with any of the valiant forces of this world; this I must respect; this may challenge my heart.' The way to stop the progress of unbelief, is to let faith kindle and glow, wherever it has "a name to live." The way to lend unbelief secret countenance is so to hold your faith that men will wonder whether you prize it, or are ashamed of it. All historical testimonies support this assertion. Lax manifestations of the Gospel have never extended its triumphs. The wildest fanaticism, mischievous as it is, has done it less injury than sleek cold-heartedness. The individuals, the denominations, the parishes, that have most enlarged the boundaries of Christ's kingdom, have been these individuals, denominations, parishes, that have most zealously affected, and by their actual engagedness for its specific objects have held it forth with intensity and urgency to others. Unless the disbeliever sees Christianity treated as something that is worth being concerned for by its friends, he is not likely to become one of those friends. Never suffer your lifelessness in religious enterprises to be a stumbling-block in the way of those who are hesitating whether to embrace Christianity or to reject it.

A second rule is that as in the zeal of the affections, so in doctrines believed, more is to be done for Christianity by what is definite and positive, than by what is indeterminate and unsettled. Of course, when this definiteness passes into angularity, or vain austerity, or a *proud* precision,—when the positiveness waxes dogmatical and bigoted, so as to mix unreason and intolerance with its decision, then instantly occurs a *loss* of power, and a loss of impression favorable to faith. But excessive sharpness of outline is not a fault of modern systems of theology. On the contrary, it is beyond question that many minds, in these days, are repelled from Christianity by the unsettled and chaotic conditions of religious beliefs; that the terms of language, instead of bearing clear and accurate definitions, are made to mean almost anything the hearer may please to put into them by way of construction; and that those forms of faith which in seeking to be vaguely accommodating and comprehensive lose everything like bold and plain doctrinal aspects, do rather alienate sound thinkers and simple souls than attract them. The religion that is to overmaster the skepticism of this age needs to have strong points,—a well-knit frame,—decided features,—something that can be drawn and grasped and held fast by the understanding, as well as loved with the whole heart,—such as we find stamped on the evangelical pages,—such as the apostles practiced, and such only as martyrs have died for. This is the sort of faith that has always gained converts, and swept the field of the world with the Gospel-net. Otherwise, the penetrating man is apt to say, 'If you undertake to abridge, and reduce, and soften down your religion and its requirements, till it is emasculated, it answers neither one purpose nor another; it is not so good as no religion at all for the pleasures of this life,—and it has not body nor edge enough to hold out a very certain promise of a life to come. No; if I am to have a faith at all, let it have shape, and solemnity, and rigor of demands upon me; that must be the only faith God would think it worth a revelation to reveal; and if I am to have only some diluted, pliant, complaisant substitute, achieving nothing because insisting on nothing and threatening nothing, then excuse me if I prefer to stand without the masquerade altogether.' A curious chapter might readily be written, in the theological analysis of the times, showing how often those who are on ground farthest from faith choose at last a doctrine of some decision and evangelic body, over the poor compends that try to be popular till their comprehensiveness takes such latitude as to comprehend Judas and Simon Magus, and possibly Satan himself.—We have yet to speak of the power of a consistent and energetic Christian life in counteracting the infidelity of the times.

## HOW HERESY IS MANUFACTURED.

*The Congregationalist* has done good service in collating from various journals the recent rumors of some alarming defection in New England, and thus proving that these are all the production of one pen. A correspondent of *The Presbyterian Banner and Advocate*, published in Pittsburg, originates a charge of heresy against some pastor in New England, or some candidate for the ministry, or some Theological Professor, and then contrives to have this reproduced in *The Recorder* at Boston, *The Observer* in this city, and *The Presbyterian Expositor* of Chicago, each of which prints his communication as from its own correspondent, and thus a simultaneous impression is produced in various parts of the country, that heresy in New England is exciting very general alarm. We reproduce, in parallel columns, the collation made by *The Congregationalist:*

| PITTSBURG. | BOSTON. | NEW YORK. | CHICAGO. |
|---|---|---|---|
| We believe that "things must be worse before they can be better." Of the suggestions that we made in *The Banner* more than four years ago, we do not recall one that time has not confirmed. And now, without claiming the gift of prophecy, we venture the prediction that, unless the Spirit be poured out mightily from on high, the day is approaching which will witness a more wide-spread and appalling apostasy from the faith, than New England has ever yet seen; and that apostasy will be into *some form of Universalism.* | I hope that I am not a vain alarmist. Far be it from me to utter a word which should needlessly disturb the peace of our churches. But can any candid mind look at the events, so often now occurring, and not feel that there is a process going on, silently but surely, which by another generation, must entirely change the character of our churches. Well—God is the judge. The day is coming which will reveal every man's work, of what sort it is. My strong conviction is that unless there shall soon be a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the day is not distant which will witness a more extensive and appalling apostasy in New England than we have ever yet seen—and that apostasy will be into Universalism. May God in his infinite mercy avert the catastrophe. | But God is the judge. The day is coming which will reveal every man's work, of what sort it is. My strong conviction is, that unless there shall soon be a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the day is not distant which will witness a more extensive and appalling apostasy in New England, than we have ever yet seen; and that apostasy will be into Universalism. May God in his infinite mercy avert the catastrophe. | Well—God is the judge. The day is coming which will reveal every man's work, of what sort it is. My strong conviction is, that unless there shall soon be a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the day is not distant which will witness a more extensive and appalling apostasy in New England, than we have ever yet seen—and that apostasy will be into Universalism. May God in his infinite mercy avert the catastrophe.<br>Your Brother, in the faith and work of Christ. |

*The American Presbyterian* thus comments upon this new phase of Mrs. Quilcher's "Nasal Heresy:"

"We contend that this anonymous bugbear is all wrong. *The American Theological Review* was instituted for this very purpose, and it is by no means doing its work superficially. It has penetrated to the very *bones and marrow*, and ossified into a heresy the commonest method by which an unlettered negress usually expresses a presentiment. *The New York Observer* and other kindred prints have zealously discussed, agitated, and promulgated this new phase of negro heresy without disturbing the Union, and there certainly can be no further need of this secret espionage with their olfactories."

We invite the special attention of our readers to the Statement of Drs. Hawes and Spring on another page. The Christian public must hold the authors of theological calumnies to a strict account. We shall print next week Dr. Barstow's letter to *The New York Observer*.

## A MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

It appears that a meeting was held, a few days ago, at the session-room of the First Presbyterian church in this city, to take action in regard to the late Choctaw Mission of the American Board. A quasi-official and carefully prepared account of the meeting and its result is given in *The New York Observer*, but outsiders generally are under obligation to *The Evangelist* for a sketch of the debates and proceedings.

The "Convention," for so it was denominated, appears to have been called by a "Brick-church Committee," and consisted of about twenty-five persons, some of whom had been commissioned as delegates from we know not what constituencies, while others consented to act in that capacity without commissions. Dr. Spring was in the chair, and Rev. Mr. Halliday of Peekskill was secretary. Among those who took part in the debates, we find Mr. Eleazar Lord, Daniel Lord, Esq., Horace Holden, Esq., Dr. McElroy, Dr. Plumer of Allegheny, Pa., Dr. Murray of Elizabeth, N. J., Dr. Phillips, and Dr. Prime.

One leading object of the meeting, as we judge from various indications, was to contrive and set up a scheme for obtaining contributions from New England in behalf of the Old-School Presbyterian Board of Missions, that body having very naturally undertaken to carry on the Old-School Presbyterian Mission which the American Board has heretofore sustained among the Choctaws. It seems to have been confidently believed that the misrepresentations which certain journals—supposed to have some influence still, as well as some circulation, in New England—have persistently made concerning the discontinuance of the Choctaw Mission, must have had some effect. Mr. Eleazar Lord said, in one of his speeches, "The hearts of Christians and of all conservative and national men, *as well in New England as elsewhere*, would respond to the wisdom" of calling such a meeting. In another speech he said that "a large part of *conservative New England* would not sanction the action of the American Board." He said, "Let us raise our voice in behalf of *our conservative New England brethren*, so that they will hear and see; let us provide a channel for their benefactions. They don't want to be given over to voluntary societies any longer." Dr. Murray said, "We must act discreetly, and *many from New England and elsewhere* will contribute." In another speech, opposing a resolution then under discussion, he said, "We should look at the subject in view of the *pecuniary help needed*, and the passage of this resolution would greatly lessen *our prospects in New England* and elsewhere." Dr. Plumer "supposed they were merely to say to those *in New England and elsewhere*, who have heretofore contributed to the American Board, but are now dissatisfied, that we are in a way to receive your aid without annoying you with further agitation."

The scheme which the Convention instituted for the purpose of enticing New England Congregationalists into an auxiliary relation to the Old-School Presbyterian Assembly's Board of Missions is set forth in the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, 1. That this Convention recognizes no standard of procedure in the great enterprise of Christian Missions but the instructions and conduct of Jesus Christ and his apostles. The course of the church in this great work is onward: but in her progress she requires the conservative power and direction of heavenly truth and heavenly love. On this rock, and on no factitious principle of human policy, the cause stands, and will prosper.

2. That the Missions of the Presbyterian Church have been, and ought ever to be, conducted on this principle; and that the existence of slavery in the community, and of slaveholders in the church, affords no ground for the withdrawal from them of the Gospel, which is the wisdom of God and the power of God.

3. That in their conduct of the Choctaw Mission, the beloved and honored missionaries so long and faithfully employed in the service of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, have never departed from those great principles; and that in so modestly and firmly adhering to them at every sacrifice, they deserve our implicit confidence, and shall receive our hearty support and patronage.

4. Whereas the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has received the Choctaw Mission under its care, and has thus incurred a large annual expenditure beyond their ordinary outlay; therefore,

*Resolved*, That it be recommended to all our churches to make an effort to increase their annual collections to Foreign Missions in the way they deem best, in order to meet this increased expenditure.

5. That a Committee of three gentlemen be appointed by this Convention to present this subject, by circular or otherwise, to such persons, not in connection with our own churches, who may be supposed to be interested in this particular mission, and that said Committee be authorized to receive whatever contributions may be made for this purpose.

6. That a copy of these resolutions be printed and forwarded to all the churches in the bounds of the Synod, and be published also in *The New York Observer*, *The Presbyterian*, and other religious papers.

The second of these resolutions, as the series was reported to the Convention by a committee appointed for the purpose, was in a different form, viz.:

*Resolved*, 2. That on the subject of slavery the Presbyterian Church has been, and ought ever to be, controlled by the example of Christ and his apostles; and that there is no authority in the Scriptures for such a principle of administration as regards a slaveholder an outcast from the kingdom of Christ; that no church ought to be regarded as unchristianized because some of its members are slaveholders, and that such a principle is subversive of the very spirit of missions, and that of all methods of ameliorating the evils of slavery, the most unwise and ineffectual is to deny to such a community that Gospel which is the wisdom and power of God unto salvation.

In this form the resolution proved unacceptable. Several members of the Convention objected to it on various grounds. Dr. McElroy, for example, said that the resolution was "a recognition of the institution of slavery and slaveholders, and an indorsement of the same." Yet he did not personally object to it on that ground. "There was not a principle which all did not know the Presbyterian Church to hold to. There was nothing new." "He preached the same views from his pulpit." "The General Assembly, [however,] had never gone so far." "The question was whether the views should be thrown out at this juncture." He objected on the ground of the unfitness of the views to the juncture, and apparently on no other ground. Dr. Murray objected on several grounds. (1.) It would produce "useless agitation" in the Old-School Presbyterian connection. (2.) It might repel instead of gaining aid from New England. (3.) There were differences of opinion on the subject of slavery in the O.-S. Presbyterian churches, and it would be impolitic to indorse it thus without qualification." Daniel Lord, Esq, had a similar objection. "Many of our churches contain a large proportion of New England men, of Scotchmen, and of Scotch-Irish. Let us not light a torch or scatter firebrands among them." Dr. Plumer, on the other hand, objected to the idea of "ameliorating the *evils* of slavery;" and, hoping "that the Convention would take no pro-slavery or abolition ground," but only the ground of a serene indifference and of ignorance whether there are any "evils of slavery" to be "ameliorated," he proposed to substitute the word "condition" for the word "evils." In opposition to all these arguments, Mr. Eleazar Lord, Dr. Spring, and Horace Holden, Esq., were for the resolution as reported. Like honest men who feel that honesty is the best policy, and who are willing to stand or fall with the truth, they were for asserting fearlessly the principles of the resolution reported by the Committee. The difficulty was at last evaded by a judicious compromise. A substitute was offered by Dr. Primo "as a more concise expression of the original, and as omitting the objectionable phrase 'evils of slavery;'" and the substitute having been accepted was passed without further debate.

Now, with all becoming deference to all and each of those venerable, learned, orthodox, conservative, and national men, we are constrained to say that, in the entire discussion, the Convention seems to have been in a perfect and most remarkable muddle. Pray what was there to terrify or offend any clear-headed man, in the resolution as reported by the Committee? Was it in the affirmation "that on the subject of slavery the Presbyterian Church [O.-S.] have been, are, and ever ought to be controlled by the example of Christ and his apostles?" Is such a proposition dangerous? Is it likely to stir up "useless agitation?' We, indeed, being Congregationalists and in some sense New Englanders, have our doubts as to the historic truth of the affirmation concerning what has been, and what is, the controlling force in the policy of the Presbyterian Church on the subject of slavery; though concerning what "ought ever to be" we can accept, *ex animo*, the statement of the Committee. But who can doubt that the members of that Convention, one and all, believed the entire proposition, in its historical aspect as well as in its ethical, to be exactly true? And if they did believe it, how could there be any danger in their saying it? So of the affirmation "that there is no authority in the Scriptures for such a principle of administration as regards a slaveholder an outcast from the kingdom of Christ." Who holds that there is "authority in the Scriptures for such a principle"—who, we mean, in the Old-School Presbyterian connection? Where are the churches—where the individuals—within the jurisdiction of the O.-S. General Assembly, who would have been displeased, or would have been provoked to useless agitation, if the Convention had uttered itself clearly on this point? What if Dr. Cheever thinks he finds "authority in the Scriptures" for regarding a slaveholder as an outcast from the kingdom of Christ, and for excinding or excommunicating him accordingly; (let not our hypothesis be construed into an assertion;) has that eminent witness for an almost universally repudiated principle of church-discipline, so much influence in the "Old-School denomination," that a convention so grave, and learned, and orthodox, and influential, need be afraid to contradict him? So of the affirmation "that no church ought to be regarded as unchristianized because some of its members are slaveholders;"—who is there in the Presbyterian Church—the Old-School or the New-School—the exscissors or the excinded—nay, who is there out of the Presbyterian Church—that could be alarmed or offended at so harmless a proposition? As to the closing affirmation, to wit, "that of all methods of ameliorating the evils of slavery, the most unwise and ineffectual is to deny to such a community that Gospel which is the wisdom and power of God unto salvation,"—we will venture to say that the man was never yet seen or heard of, who, professing to believe that the Gospel is the wisdom and power of God to salvation, would not most heartily unite with the Convention in declaring that to withhold the Gospel from a slaveholding community is indeed "the most unwise and ineffectual of all methods of ameliorating the evils of slavery."

Dr. Prime seems to have been the only clear-headed man in the company. He steps in with a new draft of the resolution, which is only "a more concise expression of the original," and which judiciously omits the incautious and old-fashioned phrase "evils of slavery;"—and *presto!* the confusion has vanished. We have seen many things in our day, but we have never seen men with so many titles to our respect and veneration, so completely bewildered and self-bamboozled about a matter so easily understood.

The fact that the Convention was so perplexed and confounded in the attempt to define its own disposition, helps our disposition to be charitable toward their gross and otherwise inexcusable misrepresentation. If the resolutions adopted by the Convention are not wholly unmeaning, they were intended to imply that the principles which they affirm, are principles which the American Board has rejected; and that the principles which they denounce are principles which the American Board has, expressly or by implication, adopted. Notwithstanding the dignity and venerableness of the names that indorse the resolutions, we might have been constrained to pronounce that intention a dishonest one, had not the perfect muddle of the debate, as reported by *The Evangelist*, given room and warrant for a more charitable judgment. The venerable doctors and elders may be acquitted of disobedience to the apostolic precept, "In malice be ye children;" for they have shown themselves capable of a most childlike misunderstanding of the things which they ought to have studied and understood with a manly exactness. "Brethren, be not children in understanding: howbeit in malice, be ye children, but in understanding be ye men." 1 Cor. xiv. 20.

## SCIENTIFIC MOVEMENTS.

The public spirit of our citizens is strongly appealed to just now in behalf of two undertakings which ought to receive prompt and liberal patronage. This first is the purchase of the Abbott-Egyptian Museum for the New York Historical Society. A large and influential committee of the Society are now soliciting funds for this object, and we believe with gratifying success. In furtherance of the plan, a course of lectures has just been given at the hall of the Historical Society. The first was on Monday, March 12th, by Wm. C. Prime, Esq. His subject was—Ancient Egypt; as found in tombs and temples, with illustrations from the Abbott collection. It was a brilliant and entertaining lecture. The second, on Thursday, March 15th, was by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D. Subject—The relation of Egyptian Antiquities to our Modern Science and Civilization. This treated of our obligations to Egypt in science, art, and philosophy; and the uses of the Museum as a school. The third lecture was on Monday, March 19th, by Rev. John Cotton Smith, the successor of Bishop Bedell. His subject was—Egypt and the Scriptures. These lectures were attended by large and highly intelligent audiences, and gave a decided impulse to the effort for the purchase of the Museum.

At the same time the American Geographical Society appeal to the public in behalf of a new expedition to the Arctic seas under the direction of Dr. Hayes, well known as the surgeon of Dr. Kane's expedition, and whose recent volume has so freshly reproduced that memorable voyage. To Dr. Hayes belongs the credit of having discovered the open Polar Sea; and since this discovery has been called in question by some European geographers, Dr. Hayes has a laudable desire to verify it, and to secure its honor for American science and enterprise. The importance of this expedition in a scientific point of view is clearly set forth in the following letter from Prof. Bache, which, through the courtesy of Dr. Lieber, we are permitted to publish:

"COAST SURVEY OFFICE, March 14, 1860.

"DEAR DOCTOR: I can but think your estimate of the importance to science of the proposed Arctic Expedition is not beyond the mark, and trust that you will express it publicly with all the force which you put into problems which interest you. The question of the open Polar Sea is the great geographical question of the day, and it should be solved thoroughly, as to place and circumstance, by an expedition from the continent of America. The unanimity with which men of science have spoken on this subject, authorizes the strongest appeal in behalf of Dr. Hayes and his plans. We must know whether the Gulf Stream, which is emphatically the great hydrographic feature of our coast, returns to us again after having given their climates to the countries of northwestern Europe, and how, and why, and where; we must have all uncertainty in regard to the progress of the tide-wave in these inland icy seas removed; we must have the magnetism of these transmagnetic Polar regions settled; our knowledge of the isothermal lines beyond the pole of cold should be made complete; materials for studying the flora and fauna of that region collected. But above all is the geographical problem, and that is of itself enough to excite to enthusiasm in behalf of the expedition. I have proved my sincere interest in the undertaking, my dear Doctor, by offering a part of the slender means gathered from the pursuit of science to this object—a small sum in the abstract, but not a small one when the sum total of my savings is reckoned.

"Yours very respectfully and truly,

"A. D. BACHE.

"To Dr Francis Lieber."

Dr. Lieber will deliver an address upon the proposed expedition, this evening, at the Geographical Rooms. His scientific knowledge will insure a vigorous handling of the subject. We trust the enterprise will succeed.

## MR. SPURGEON'S POWER.

The letter on another page, from the pen of Rev. J. M. Hoppin, describing Mr. Spurgeon's preaching in Paris, conveys to our minds a better analysis of the power of this eminent preacher than any criticism which we remember to have seen. One remark of our correspondent finds an immediate illustration from Mr. Spurgeon's own pen. "Mr. Spurgeon," he writes, "has evidently not drunk deeply at the fonts of modern literature, but he shows his reading of the old Puritan divines. His words often have a quaint old English sound to them. His sentences are compact and nervous." This remark of an intelligent and scholarly hearer is confirmed by a passage in a recent letter of Mr. Spurgeon to *The Watchman and Reflector*. He writes:

"There is great danger lest in looking abroad at the work of God, we should neglect our own souls. When we are gazing with curiosity at the phenomena of revivals, and the machinery of progress, we may very easily forget to cultivate the growth of grace within. The want of the times is neither length of profession nor breadth of effort, but depth of real vital godliness. The religion of the Puritanic age was certainly more contracted than that of the present day; but did it not far excel ours in depth and force? We have broken down the banks which confined the stream, we have flooded large tracts of country with nominal Christianity; but is not the excessive shallowness of our grace a proof that while there is more surface, there is not more substance? How few are the men who, by earnest prayer, continual meditation, and close fellowship, have attained to eminence as fathers of the church in these latter days! Once the valiant men of Israel could scarcely be numbered, but where are now the mighties of the Lord of Hosts? The stars were once crowded together in glittering constellations, but now we may search the entire heavens to find a star of the first magnitude. I look upon my shelves, and run my eye along the works of Owen, Howe, Bunyan, Baxter, Ambrose, Burgess, Brooks, Preston, Gurnall, Sibbs, Ness, Mayer, Jenkyn, Manton, Charnock, Durham, and scores of others; and I only wish that I knew of one living man whose name is worthy to be mentioned with theirs."

Let the reader take the six volumes of Spurgeon's sermons, published by Sheldon & Co., and study them with reference to his sources of power, and he will find that he shows continually his familiarity with the thoughtful and earnest men of the living age of Puritanism, and that he drinks deeply at the fountain by which their souls were nourished. His little volume of selections from "ancient Brooks," also republished by Sheldon & Co., exhibits his fondness for the quaint and the spiritual. We commend anew these volumes of sermons to the study of ministers, not for imitation, but for comparison and analysis as to the vital sources of pulpit power. And we commend them to all who love the simple earnestness of Gospel preaching better than the fastidious coldness of the moral essay and the theological disquisition. The late Dr. J. W. Alexander, with all his nicety of taste, expressed the wish that there were fifty Spurgeons in New York. We hope one day to hear his voice in the pulpits of America; but meantime may he continue to preach in ten thousand homes by his published sermons. We are sure that the popularity of Mr. Spurgeon in this country is by no means exhausted; his usefulness is by no means at an end. The six volumes of his sermons already referred to, evince a remarkable power of argument, pathos, and illustration; the last volume not falling one whit below the first. These volumes should be in every pastoral and parish library.

—We had not intended to refer again to the alleged suppression of Mr. Spurgeon's utterances on slavery, in the American edition of his works—but the letter of Mr. Spurgeon to Mr. Chesson, in *The British Standard*, and an editorial in last week's *Examiner*, compel us to say a few words more upon that point in vindication of our own honor. Mr. Chesson introduces Mr. Spurgeon's letter with the following incorrect statement:

"The assertion has been broadly made in more than one American paper that Mr. Spurgeon has given his consent to the publication of an expurgated edition of his sermons suited to the pro-slavery prejudices of Brother Jonathan. How this statement originated I cannot discover; but it first appeared, I believe, in the columns of *The New York Independent*."

*The Independent* has never made nor countenanced the assertion that Mr. Spurgeon "has given his consent to an expurgated edition of his sermons." *The Independent* did not "originate" the statement that such an edition had been prepared for the American market. That statement was first made by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his own pulpit in Brooklyn. It was taken down *verbatim* by a reporter, and was published by Mr. Beecher, under his own revision, in the columns of *The Independent*. We had often heard it rumored that all references to slavery had been canceled from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons for the American market; but we never take up a rumor as authority, nor publish charges without competent witnesses. But when Mr. Beecher made the charge first in his own pulpit, and again in our columns, and a gentleman who had examined the matter assured us that the charge was true, we called attention to it in terms respectful to Mr. Spurgeon and also to his publishers. Mr. Beecher made this statement just at the time when Mr. Spurgeon's plea for Dr. Cheever was exciting public attention; and it was a matter of public interest to ascertain whether Mr. Spurgeon himself had a free pulpit in America. We were very careful not to impeach Mr. Spurgeon or his publishers, while stating a fact which the *public* who are asked to buy his books, have a right to know. As, in their controversy with *The New York Waverley*, we had earnestly contended for the edition of Messrs. Sheldon & Co. as genuine and authorized, we felt also that *we* had a right to call for an answer to Mr. Beecher's allegation. Thus far as to the "origin" of the statement, for which *The Independent* is in no way responsible. Now for Mr. Spurgeon's letter:

CLAPHAM, Feb. 2, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: As the vile iniquity of slavery is not an English sin I have not in my sermons been led to denounce it; and, so far as I am aware, there are no allusions to slavery in them, or, if any, they are so very few that I cannot charge my memory with them.

I do not see how the American publisher can have expurgated the anti-slavery sentiments; for I do not think it was a subject which thrust itself in my way in the ordinary duties of my ministry.

I have written a letter to an influential paper in America, and will see to it that my sentiments are really known. I believe slavery to be a crime of crimes, a soul-destroying sin, and an iniquity which cries aloud for vengeance.

The charge against my publishers of altering my sermons I believe to be utterly untrue, and they are ready, as their best contradiction, to print a work on the subject, if I can find time to write it, which I fear I cannot, but must be content with some red-hot letters.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, (Signed) C. H. SPURGEON.

F. W. Chesson, Esq., Hon. Sec. London Emancipation Committee.

This adds nothing whatever to Mr. Spurgeon's previous statement on the subject, which we have already published. He cannot be expected to remember every word he has uttered in a thousand printed sermons. He does not now say that he has compared the American edition of his sermons *verbatim* with the English originals, and has found them unaltered. The "best contradiction" that his publishers could give would be a *point-blank* contradiction of Mr. Beecher's statement over their own signature. Mr. Spurgeon admits that there may have been a "*very few*" allusions to slavery in his sermons as sent over to this country for publication. The question is whether those "very few" allusions have been omitted from the American edition. It is not a question of few or many, but a simple question of fact. Was any paragraph, sentence, or word uttered by Mr. Spurgeon upon slavery, and which appears in his sermons as printed in England, canceled in preparing the six volumes of his sermons which have been published by Sheldon & Blakeman, and Sheldon & Co.? Until this question is answered in the negative, the public will be likely to believe Mr. Beecher's statement. We have so often heartily commended this house and its publications that we should be sorry to see it in a false position. If Mr. Beecher has done it any injustice, *The Independent* will not shrink from administering to him a fitting rebuke. There is now a simple issue of fact between Mr. Beecher and the publishers of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons.

It will be seen that Mr. Spurgeon's letter pledges his publishers in advance to print a work from his pen on the subject of slavery. The editor of *The British Standard* adds:

"It will be seen that his independent and spirited publishers in the United States would hail a work on slavery from his able pen, and we are confident that we only express the feelings of countless multitudes when we say we should exceedingly rejoice in Mr. Spurgeon's determination to record his sentiments against what the immortal Wesley so correctly and happily designated 'the sum of all villainies.'"

We do not conceive that Mr. Spurgeon's publishers are under the least obligation to publish whatever he may see fit to write on slavery or any other topic. When they profess to reprint a sermon of his, they are under the highest moral obligation not to cancel, mutilate, or modify its sentiments. But this does not bind them to publish whatever Mr. Spurgeon may choose to preach or write, and from the style of his language on slavery we should think it very indiscreet for his publishers to commit themselves to him beforehand. On this point *The Examiner* makes some very just and pertinent remarks:

"Will Mr. Spurgeon's American publishers issue anything he may choose to write on the subject of American slavery? We cannot answer this question by authority, but we are strongly inclined to think that the house of Sheldon & Company are not the men to agree, beforehand, to do a thing of that sort. We do not imagine that it is one of their ways to agree to furnish capital, skill, and enterprise, to publish *anything* that an author may happen to write. They would be much more likely to act upon the principle that they are free and responsible agents, rather than mere hoppers through which any sort of grain is to be carried into the mill. We should expect, therefore, that if Mr. Spurgeon were to prepare a work on American slavery, and ask them to publish it, they would use their intelligent common sense, after examining the book, in deciding whether to accept or decline it. No man, that is a man, could retain his manly self-respect and act on any other rule."

Very good, indeed. We trust it will appear also that they have had too much common sense, self-respect, and Christian manliness, to *expunge* anything on slavery from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons.

## ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

The art of photography is not merely mechanical. While its general effects and its fidelity of detail depend upon the light, the instrument, the preparation of the plate and the chemicals, the perfection of a likeness or a picture calls for the artistic eye and skill of the painter and the architect. Not only must the operator know how to time his light and adjust his background to the best advantage, but in taking a portrait he must study attitude, expression, and the effect of light and shade, so as to give character and individuality to the picture; in photographing a building, he must study architectural proportion, and the contrasts of light and shadow, so as to bring out its points with the finest impression. Not every skillful manipulator with the camera can produce a good picture. There is need also of that instinctive perception of characteristic points which marks the eye of the artist, and of that trained faculty of representation which shows the artist's skill. The differences in these respects among photographers accounts for the wide difference often seen in photographs of the same person or building.

Some of our leading photographers are giving much attention to high art, and to the production of proper artistic effects in their work. The copying of paintings and statuary is becoming quite a remunerative department of photography, and has the intercourse of photographers with other artists has a beneficial influence upon their own art. The "Palmer Marbles," so universally admired in the originals, have been quite successfully transferred in photographic pictures, and may be seen to advantage in almost any print-shop on Broadway. Some very beautiful impressions of these have just fallen under our eye at Randolph's, (No. 683 Broadway,) where they may be procured singly or by the set. The series embraces Faith, Hope, Grief, Resignation, Summer, and Autumn. But in the photograph, as in the marbles, we most admire Faith.

At No. 839 Broadway, Messrs. *Rintoul & Rockwood* exhibit some very fine specimens of artistic skill in various departments of photography. These gentlemen are both accomplished operators—one excelling in portrait taking, the other in out-door photography;—one having the skill of the painter, the other that of the architect. In the first department, we regard their picture of William Cullen Bryant as the most characteristic yet transferred to paper or canvas. It gives the *brow* as we have never before seen it except in the thoughtful countenance of the poet himself. We are not surprised at the judgment of one of our most eminent portrait-painters that "this will be the historical head of Bryant." The portraits of Wendell Phillips and Mr. Helper are also striking and admirable.

A like success in the handling of light and shadow is seen in Mr. Rintoul's pictures of High Bridge and of various buildings taken with out-door light. He handles his instrument as only one trained in architecture could do. In copying paintings, also, these gentlemen exhibit the same artistic taste and feeling. Their copy of Mr. Johnson's picture of the Old Kentucky Home, taken *directly* from the picture, is one of the most beautiful and striking productions of the photographic art. The picture itself won many a laurel for the artist, at the last exhibition of the Academy, and the subject shows finely when thus transferred. It is decidedly a national picture—for the Southerner may say, Would you invade such contentment by abolitionism?—and the Northerner retort, 'Would you deny to those capable of so much happiness, the full blessings of freedom?' At all events, we advise visitors from whatever section, to call and see the picture at the photographic gallery corner of Thirteenth street and Broadway.

## THE CRUELTY OF WEAKNESS.

The bloody deed is done. Virginia has wreaked her vengeance to the last, upon John Brown and his followers. Two more victims, making seven in all, have now expiated the offense of invading her soil upon a generous but mistaken errand of sympathy for the oppressed. We repeat what we have already said, that the history of civilized nations affords no precedent or parallel for such unrelenting vengeance. After the ringleaders of the movement had all perished in the fight, or suffered the judicial penalty of death; after all popular excitement and all apprehension of a rescue of the prisoners, or a repetition of their mad adventure had died away; after the inquisitorial and prejudiced investigation of the Senate's Committee had failed to detect or invent a *conspiracy* against Virginia;—what end of justice or of public safety could demand the execution of the remaining prisoners? Upon any construction of law or of precedent, this reiterated infliction of the death-penalty is excessive, and passes from the dignity of a judicial sentence into the cruelty of revenge. That cruelty is the offspring of *weakness*. Not that Virginia is weak as against outward foes—for she has none to fear;—but she is weak in herself, weak through the consciousness of wrong; weak because she holds within herself the elements of insurrection that must be kept down by cruelty and terror. The dire necessities of slavery have thus disgraced her criminal code by an act which not even her religious newspapers have dared to protest against in the name of reason and humanity.

A WORD TO PRINCIPIA.—An editor who has lived seventy years, or half that time, ought to know that the question whether sinfulness "inheres" in any substance or act, or can be predicated only of *motives*, is one of the most vexed questions of moral philosophy; and also that the definition of a slave—especially as respects the

help from abroad. Their present pastor, Rev. ELIE CHARLIER, is a most estimable man; well known to Drs. Tyng, Adams, and others in this city. His son, Prof. Elie Charlier, is Principal of the excellent French Institute, No. 48 East 24th street. Contributions for this worthy object sent to his address will be duly forwarded and acknowledged.

## LATEST NEWS.

### FOREIGN.

The Fulton arrived here on Tuesday, with European news to the 7th.

The Treaty-Budget debates in Parliament all turn out favorably for the Ministry.

It is probable that Lord John Russell's "'alf-an'-'alf" Reform Bill will be tided into port on this wave.

Many Englishmen are making themselves unhappy about the annexation of Savoy to France. If the people of Savoy wish to be governed by Louis Napoleon, and if he wishes to have the governing of them, and Victor Emanuel does not, we do not see that anybody else need borrow trouble about it. The old superstitions about "balance of power" and the like, are exploded.

## Notices.

**The Annual Meeting of the New York Sunday-**School Union, in behalf of the destitute and uncared-for children in our land, will be held in Rev. Dr. McAuley's church, corner Twenty-first street and Fifth avenue, Sabbath evening next, the 25th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

Rev. Dr. Ferris will preside and make the opening address. Other addresses by Rev. Dr. Clark, Rev. Dr. Dowling, and Mr. I. P. Samuels.

Pledges for Libraries to Missionaries for the year will be received.

All are invited to attend. 590

**THE LADIES' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF N. Y.,**

Organized Nov. 24, 1858, in the chapel of the N. Y. University, deem it necessary, in order to prevent any imposition upon the public, to make the following statement:

By special request of a majority of the members, a Committee was appointed to revise the Constitution and By-laws, and at the Annual Meeting, Dec. 7, 1859, the Constitution and By laws, as revised, were adopted, with but three dissenting votes.

The Association have continued to hold a weekly meeting at the University each Wednesday, at 2 P.M., without intermission, since their organization. The first Wednesday in the month is devoted to business, and the remaining Wednesdays to devotional exercises.

The Association have it now in contemplation *to establish a Christian boarding-house for young women of respectability, who are supporting themselves by their own exertions*, and a Committee has already been appointed to raise funds for this object.

OFFICERS.

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Second Directress—Mrs. C. R. Deuel, 4 Bond street.
Third Directress—Mrs. Dr. Stephen Smith, 39 W. 34th street.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Wm. Hegeman, 9 W. 31st street.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. M. O. Roberts, 107 Fifth avenue.
Treasurer—Miss C. R. Clarke, 84 W. 20th street.

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Mrs. J. G. Holbrooke, 41 E. 20th street,
Miss Julia Mills, 80 10th street,
Mrs. Wm. B. Skidmore, 36 Clinton place,
Mrs. Rev. Travis, 106 Hammond street,
Mrs. Chas. Abernethy, 14 E. 14th street,
Mrs. Jas. W. Hulsted, 217 W. 18th street,
Mrs. Robert M. Lawton, ——,
Mrs. Adm. Mills, 22 W. 9th street,
Mrs. G. R. Lockwood, 179 Thompson street,
Mrs. A. G. Bickford, 128 E. 13th street,
Mrs. H. W. Warner, 366 Fifth avenue,
Mrs. Benj. Bonney, 24 W. 14th street. 590

**The Annual Meeting of the Congregational Asso-**ciation of New York and Brooklyn, will be held at the South Congregational church of Brooklyn, cor. of Court and President sts., on Tuesday, April 3d, at 10 o'clock A.M.
HENRY BELDEN, Registrar.
590-591

## Died.

BRIDGMAN—At Madison, Ct., at the residence of her daughter, March 6th, of the lung fever, Mrs. Abigail Bridgman, wife of the late Ebenezer Bridgman of Belchertown, Mass., aged 78 years 10 months and 26 days.

DUNBAR—In this city, March 11th, Mrs. Christina Dunbar, wife of Rev. Duncan Dunbar, in the 68th year of her age. She was the mother of a large family, three of whom are the wives of ministers, and her life of quiet, consistent piety was a beautiful testimony to the grace of God in Christ, whence was also her only trust for salvation.

POMEROY—At Southampton, Mass., on Friday, Feb. 24th, Mrs. Maria Danforth Pomeroy, wife of the late Gamaliel Pomeroy, and eldest daughter of the late Col. Joshua Danforth of Pittsfield, in the 68th year of her age. Her memory is cherished in the depth of every heart that ever held communion with her.

## Financial.

## THE EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society,

NO. 92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Persons desiring REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT will find it to their advantage to act as AGENTS for this Society. 587-638

## COLLECTION OFFICE. REMOVAL.

OUR OFFICE HAS BEEN REMOVED from No. 106 Broadway to the NEW MARBLE BUILDING, No. 207 BROADWAY, corner of Fulton street.

We shall continue to devote our entire attention to the COLLECTION OF CLAIMS of every description, through Lawyers and Bankers, in all parts of North America, for which we have unsurpassed facilities.

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By special permission they refer to—

*New York.*
Henry Young, Esq., Messrs. Taylor, Esq., John J. Phelps, Esq., Amos R. Eno, Esq., Messrs. Phelps, Bliss & Co., Messrs. Watt, Dunning & Graham, Messrs. Read, Taylor & Co., William Mulligan, Esq., Messrs. Eno, Roberts, Rhodes & Co., Messrs. Sam'l Cochran & Co. *Northampton, Mass.* Hon. J. P. Williston, Jonathan B. Lyman, Esq. *Hartford, Ct.* Messrs. Day, Coe & Co., Messrs. Collins Brothers, John Olmsted, Esq., Thomas Smith, Esq., A. G. Hammond, Esq. *Boston.* R. C. Hooper, Esq., Messrs. A. & A. Lawrence & Co., James M. Beebe & Co.

References to other persons living in various cities at the East can be furnished if desired. 563-614

## Advertising Items.

## Ladd, Webster & Co.'s IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH Sewing-Machines.

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# Family Reading.

## HYMN FOR THE NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LOUISE HENZEL.

WEARY go I to repose;
Soon my heavy eye will close;
Father, let thy glory shine
On this humble couch of mine.

Have I any evil done,
Look not on it, faithful One;
Jesus' blood, through Thy rich grace,
Every blemish shall efface.

All our scatter'd household band
Keep, oh God, within thy hand;
High or low, where'er they be,
May all men be blessed in Thee.

Soothe the sick at heart to rest;
Hush to sleep the sighing breast;
Who in darkness walks to-night,
For him let the stars give light.

St. Albans, Vt. J. E. RANKIN.

## ERNEST AT PLAY.

I WISH the day was a hundred years long! This exclamation was made by Ernest during the recent holidays, and as it led to some interesting conversation, the children may like to hear once more from the little boy who in his infancy had been given away to Jesus.

When you hear his name you may form some idea of Ernest. His nature was an earnest one. He had a warm, loving heart, and he enjoyed so much in the society of his young companions that it was painful to him to have the time come for their separation. I love to see a warm-hearted boy of generous impulses throwing his whole soul into his sports, as Ernest does. A drone at work and study is almost always a drone at play. Is it not so, boys? Do you not find that the most earnest workers, and scholars of the most active minds, are the best companions on the play-ground? And such boys, when they become soldiers of the cross, are most reliable to fight valiantly the good fight of faith. To be useful Christians we all need strong and vigorous bodies, as well as active minds and warm, loving hearts.

So thought this little boy's parents. They knew from the monthly reports of his teachers that it was a very unusual thing for Ernest to have an imperfect lesson. He lived in the city, and as the school-house was a full mile from his home, the walk gave a glow of health to his cheeks. But these long walks, and his music lesson, and practice, occupied so much of his time out of school that there was but little left for play, and it did sometimes seem a long while to wait for Saturday to come round again.

But now the Christmas holidays had come, and with them had come Jack Frost to prepare a glad welcome for boys and girls upon the skating-ground. I am so glad that the good people in the city and the country have begun to feel that it is right and proper for our sex to enjoy a little exercise in the open air! Do, boys, plead very earnestly with your parents that your sisters may share with you in this charming exercise. When Leila was a little girl, she was ashamed to say how much she did long to go out and enjoy the skating and sledding, because hoops, and skates, and sleds were not to be thought of by any little girl who expected to become a lady of delicacy and refinement. Oh, it did then seem very hard to belong to the weaker sex, and lose all these charming amusements!

In these days, children, good people are beginning to change their opinions on this subject, and little girls are encouraged to exercise much in the open air. Their bodies as well as their minds must be trained for usefulness. There is much to be done in the conversion of the world that can only be done by earnest Christian women. So little girls must grow up strong and healthy, and if their hearts are full and overflowing with love to Jesus, he will welcome them into his vineyard and find plenty of work for them to do. But let us return to Ernest. The sports of the day were over, and he was seated in the library, where that pleasant scene occurred of which I wrote you a short time since. His little sisters were sitting by his side. A bright, sparkling fire threw a cheerful light around the room, and all was calm and peaceful. I had heard Ernest exclaim, Oh, I wish the day was a hundred years long! and I gathered the children around me, and told them of a day that had more than *a hundred million* of years in it, and not any night at all. L. L.

## THE KENTUCKY EXILES.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Just now, while the attention of the people is, in a measure, directed toward the Kentucky exiles, it may not be inappropriate to look carefully at the *character* of the men thus exiled.

Last summer, it was my privilege to visit the free-state settlement at Berea, Bracken county, and to compare the workings of the free and slave systems where they exist side by side. And when I read that sentiment uttered by a slaveholder, "Would to God that all the people of Kentucky were as good men and as patriotic citizens as are those at Berea," I felt that he had spoken wisely.

As you pass up or down the Ohio, the most stolid observer cannot fail to notice the great difference in the extent of cultivated lands on the opposite sides of the river. And he will notice still further the marked difference in the kind and degree of tillage. The hills of Ohio, rendered beautiful by well-dressed vineyards, immense grain-fields, and extensive orchards, present a striking contrast to the original forests and meagerly cultivated lands on the southern shore. But pass through this territory peopled with slaves to the free-state settlement, and the scene changes at once. Here is an academy well sustained. Here is a church where pious citizens call upon their God. Here we find the extensive Southern plantation as thoroughly and neatly cultivated as is the Northern farm. Here in the midst of opposing influences we discover the "Puritan principle" purified, if possible, by its application to Southern men on Southern soil.

No man can visit this community and become acquainted with its people without coming to the conclusion that these are *earnest Christian* men. Some of them are verging toward their "three-score years and ten," and were born at, or near, the homes where they now reside, and around which their children and grandchildren now gather. Their ample grounds were inherited from their fathers. They are not renegade Northerners—like some of the debased oligarchy near them—but true sons of the South, who amid the vices and temptations incident to Southern society, have reached an enviable intellectual and moral position; and there is grandeur in the political and religious attitude they occupy which will make a descendant of the Puritans almost wish himself one of them.

It is not strange that their neighbors, some of whom are the fathers of free and slave children so nearly resembling each other, that a stranger can with difficulty tell from the color which are bond and which are free, should seek to malign and persecute the men whose virtue is a standing rebuke to licentiousness—whose temperance constantly reproves drunkenness—whose thrift is a demonstration of the superiority of free over slave labor—the sight of whose temple of worship fails not to sting the conscience of infidelity. It is not wonderful that they should curse the men whose beacon-light of truth is a constant exposure of their wickedness. It cannot be expected that those "who aim, uninterruptedly, at making darkness darker, the yoke heavier, the chains tighter, the oppression more shocking, and chattelhood more inhuman and indestructible," will form a very strong attachment for the sterling men who form the nucleus of the Anti-slavery body of Kentucky. But it would seem appropriate that Christians should pray earnestly that the wrath of the wicked might be restrained, and that these good men might prosper. J. TUCKERMAN.

College Hill, Ohio.

## AN AMERICAN LADY ABROAD TO HER YOUNG FRIENDS AT HOME.

### A SKETCH OF LONDON.

HERE I am, my dear children, in London, that place you and I have so longed to see.

We reached here late at night, and alighted under the shadow of the dome of St. Paul's. But how could I sleep? My head reeled with the multitude of thoughts within me. Visions of kings and queens, of lords and ladies, of coronations, of imposing burials, of imprisoned princes, and of mournful executions, all rose before me, and for a long time banished sleep from my eyelids. But at last, for very weariness, I *did* close my eyes, even in London.

The next day was the blessed Sabbath. It was pleasant to find that the roar of business was hushed, that the great heart of London throbbed gently, on this sacred day. We drove to Surrey Gardens in the morning, to hear Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preach. Here we found the great Music Hall filled to overflowing with some 10,000 persons. It was a beautiful sight, to see such a throng of people, all met to worship God. And when the great company rose to praise and pray, a thrill of joy seemed to pervade my whole being. The sermon was earnest and plain, such as you children might have heard and understood.

In the afternoon, we went to St. Paul's. As we entered the noble building we ascertained that not only was the good Mr. Melville to preach, but that the Lord Mayor was to attend the service, in company with all the judges, in their robes of office. This is an annual custom, and was a grand sight for me.

Imagine the Lord Mayor entering in his scarlet robe, richly trimmed with fur, a heavy gold chain about his neck, the nicest of lace adorning his bosom and wrists, and a huge wig upon his head, preceded by a dignitary bearing the sword and mace of the city. After him follow the judges similarly arrayed, saving the gold chain, and some of them with black robes, each carrying, even to the Dean, a beautiful bouquet of flowers, tastefully arranged in lace papers. I could hardly believe my eyes, and had nearly forgotten that I was in the sanctuary.

Soon, however, all was still, and the beautiful service of the Church of England commenced. It was not, however, read as you have heard it, but nearly all sung by little boys in white surplices. This is called the choral service. I cannot say that I like it performed in this manner: there seems too little heart about it, though the rich tones of the organ, as they are heard pealing through those lofty arches, cannot fail to inspire one with devotional feelings. The venerable Mr. Melville did not fear to declare the whole counsel of God, though in the presence of so much earthly dignity. It was refreshing to see his calm, devout manner in the midst of such a pageant.

Strangers are not allowed to go about the building on the Sabbath—a most excellent arrangement—but the next morning we turned our steps there again, to survey the vast pile more minutely. We were more than repaid for our trouble. One may enter the cathedral, and pass entirely around it, and by so doing gaze at the many noble monuments that have been there erected to the memory of England's best and bravest sons. After ascending many steps you reach the whispering gallery, which passes entirely round the dome. By putting your ear close to the wall you can hear the slighest whisper spoken on the other side, though the distance is great. The view from this point is very fine, whether you look down to the pavement below, or up to the top of the magnificent dome. We then ascended to the golden gallery upon the outside of the building, and for once London was for a time quite clear of fog. We had a splendid view of the whole city—the Thames, with its far-famed bridges and boats; the lofty towers of Westminster Abbey and the Parliament buildings, with the beautiful suburbs, and the Crystal Palace in the distance. But the finest sight of all, was to look down upon the crowds of carriages and people that thronged the narrow streets below. The distance was so great that the people and horses seemed a race of Tom Thumbs. Underneath the building is the *crypt*—that is, the place where those who are buried in the cathedral are placed. The body of Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect, who planned and superintended the building during the entire thirty-five years of its progress, lies buried here. A flat stone is placed over his remains, such as was common in those days, so sunken as to be even with the pavement. Directly under the center of the dome is the tomb of Nelson, the great naval commander of England, and near it that of Lord Collingwood, his particular friend. The remains of the late Duke of Wellington are also placed near these. Many other distinguished men lie in different parts of the crypt, such as Rev. Thomas Newton, and the great painters—Reynolds, West, Laurence, etc.

Though I have not said half that I might about this wonderful building, I must hasten on to tell you of other things.

As this is the gay season in London, that is, the time when the Queen is holding her court, and Parliament is in session, we hoped for a sight of Her Majesty and some of the distinguished people about her person. We therefore, in the afternoon, drove to the West End of the town, some two or three miles from St. Paul's. We alighted at Buckingham Palace, which, you will recollect, is the town residence of Her Majesty. This building, I fancy, would hardly come up to your idea of a palace. It is, however, large, and occupies a very fine situation, with St. James's Park in the front, and very extensive and beautiful grounds in the rear. When the Queen is in town, the royal standard is seen floating from the center of the building.

Directly before the Palace is a broad graveled road for driving—then a high, beautiful iron fence surrounds the building; before this railing soldiers are constantly patrolling, day and night, to see that no one intrudes upon the premises.

For a moment, whilst gazing at the Palace, I thoughtlessly leaned against one of the iron posts. Instantly a soldier came to me and said, "Stand back, if you please; no one is allowed to touch the fence." For a moment my republicanism was up, but I soon cooled off with the reflection that every country must be permitted to make and enforce its own regulations. From this point we hastened on to Hyde Park Corner, the resort, in the latter part of the day, of all the aristocracy of London. Here we took a chair, which is always to be let for a trifling sum, and for an hour or so watched the thousands of carriages and riders on horseback passing and repassing before us in their rounds through the Park. Many ladies left their carriages for a time, and promenaded through the broad avenues on every hand. This is a brilliant scene, and I many times wished you all by my side to enjoy it with me. It is decidedly *the* place to see London. Here were lords and ladies without number, with powdered footmen in costly livery, each vieing with the other in seeking to make the most display. Here, too, the merchant princes of London congregate, and make a more gorgeous appearance even than many of the nobility.

Between five and six we were told the Queen would soon make her appearance for her daily drive, so we stationed ourselves by the side of the great arch, through which she must pass, and waited patiently for her approach. The civil policeman near us said we should not be obliged to wait long, for the Queen was always *prompt*. He told us we should recognize her carriage by the scarlet outriders and footmen. Very soon we noticed a general stir; the people were all ordered back from the railing, and before we had hardly time to turn our eyes in the right direction, the horses came prancing past us, the Queen smiling and bowing as she recognized the uplifted hats and waving of handkerchiefs. The view was a hasty one, but good. It is singular that though she daily takes this drive when in town, there is always a crowd to see her pass, and a general shout of welcome. Prince Albert usually rides on horseback by her side, accompanied by one of his gentlemen. On this occasion, one of her ladies was seated by the Queen, and two of the Princesses opposite. There was nothing in their apparel or appearance to distinguish them from other ladies, and they would only be recognized by their appointments. The Queen is more pleasing in countenance than I had supposed, and her profile is quite striking. I have since had a better view of her, while walking in the Park, and in return for waving my handkerchief, received a bow and a smile all to myself. Perhaps in a sudden fit of democratic pride you say, "Oh, a Queen is nothing but a woman; I wouldn't care a fig to see her." True, she is neither more nor less than a woman; but God has placed her over that great country, which now embraces so large a part of our globe—the eyes of all nations are upon her, and no laws are made, nor even an appointment given, without her royal signature. She has great power for good or for evil; and, what is better, we see that she exerts that power for the benefit of her people. She is a noble woman—a true wife and mother, and, like Queen Esther, whom we so much admire in Holy Writ, has the fear of God before her eyes. I confess to you children that, republican as I am in feeling and in principle, I could never see her frank English face, nor witness the joyous demonstrations attending her appearance, without feeling a soft moisture gathering in my eyes.

But I am telling you a long story, and must leave the rest for another letter. So good-by, and forget not YOUR AUNTY.

## THE WEIGHT OF A SCRUPLE.

THE scruples felt by the early Puritans against the clerical costume have often been ridiculed. Macaulay sneers at their exaggerated concern for "a garb or a posture." With a deeper and a truer philosophy, Dr. Palfrey says:

"A sentiment determined their cause, more cogent than all the learned argument they expended on its defense. A man of honor will not be bribed to display himself in a fool's cap; yet why not in a fool's cap as soon as in any apparel associated in his mind, and in the minds of those whom he respects, with the shame of mummery and falsehood? To these men the cape and surplice were the livery of Rome. They would not put on the uniform of that hated power, while they were marshaling an army of battle against its ranks. An officer, French, American, or English, would be outraged by the proposal to be seen in the garb of a foreign service. The wearers respectively of white and of the tricolor cockades would sooner have received each other's swords into their bosoms than have exchanged their decorations. A national flag is a few square yards of coarse bunting; but associations invest it, which touch whatever is strongest and deepest in a nation's character. Its presence commands a homage as reverential as that which salutes an Indian idol, and torrents of blood of brave men have age after age been poured out to save it from affront. The putting off the surplice was as much the fruit and the sign of the great reality of a religious revolution, as a political revolution was betokened and effected when the cross of St. George came down from over the fortresses along fifteen degrees of the North American coast."

## LIFE.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave unpitied and unknown?
—*Beattie.*

## IT IS FINISHED.

CONSIDER that it was all of his own free will; that at any moment, even while he was hanging upon the cross, he might have called to earth and sun, to heaven and to hell, "Stop! thus far but no farther!" and they would have obeyed him, and all that cross and agony, and the fierce faces of those furious Jews, would have vanished away like a hideous dream when one awakes: for they had lied in their mockery. Any moment he might have been free, triumphant, again in his eternal bliss; but he would not. He himself kept himself on that cross till his Father's will was fulfilled and the sacrifice was finished and we were saved. And then, at last, when there was no more human nobleness, no more agony, left for him to fulfill, no gem in the crown of holiness which he had not won as his own, no drop in the cup of misery which he had not drained as his own; when, at last, he was made perfect through suffering, and his strength had been made perfect in weakness, then he bowed that bleeding, thorn-crowned head, and said, "It is finished! Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." And so he died.

How can our poor words, our poor deeds, thank him. How mean and paltry our deepest gratitude, our highest loyalty, when compared with him to whom it is due—that adorable victim, that perfect sin-offering, who offered up himself upon the altar of the cross, in the fire of his own boundless zeal for the kingdom of God, his Father, and of his boundless love for us, his sinful brothers! "O thou blessed Jesus! Savior agonizing for us! God Almighty, who did make thyself weak for the love of us! oh, write that love upon our hearts so deeply, that neither pleasure nor sorrow, life nor death, may wipe it away! Thou hast sacrificed thyself for us: oh, give us the hearts to sacrifice ourselves for thee! Thour art the vine: we are the branches. Let thy priceless blood, shed for us, flow like life-giving sap through all our hearts and minds, and fill us with thy righteousness, that we may be sacrifices fit for thee. Stir us up to offer thee, O Lord! our bodies, our souls, our spirits, in all we love and all we learn, in all we plan, in all we do; to offer our pleasures, our labors, our sorrows to thee; to work for thy kingdom through them; to live as those who are not their own, but bought with thy blood, fed with thy body; and enable us now, in this sacrament, to offer to thee our repentance, our faith, our prayers, our praises, living, reasonable, and spiritual sacrifices—thine from our birth-hour, thine now, and thine for ever."

## A FIRE SCENE

CHARLES KINGSLEY, the eloquent English preacher, in a lecture delivered in Bristol, Eng., in 1857, on "Great cities, and their influence for good and evil," attempted a description of a scene he witnessed twenty-seven years before. We give the destruction of the Bristol Jail, a scene not dissimilar, in some respects, to the destruction of the Pemberton Mill:

"It was an afternoon of sullen autumn rain. The fog hung thick over the docks and lowlands. Gazing through that fog, I saw a bright mass of flame,—almost like a half-risen sun. That, I was told, was the gate of the new jail on fire. That the prisoners in it had been set free. The fog rolled slowly upward. Dark figures, even at that great distance, were flitting to and fro across what seemed the mouth of the pit. The flame increased—multiplied—at one point after another, till by 10 o'clock that night I seemed to be looking down upon Dante's Inferno, and to hear the multitudinous moan and wail of the lost spirits surging to and fro amid that sea of fire.

"Right behind Brandon hill—how can I ever forget it?—rose the great central mass of fire; till the little mound seemed converted into a volcano, from the peak of which the flame streamed up, not red alone, but delicately green and blue, pale rose and pearly white, while crimson sparks leaped and fell again in the midst of that rainbow, not of hope, but of despair; and dull explosions down below, mingled with the roar of the mob and the infernal hiss and crackle of the flame.

"Higher and higher the fog was scorched and shriveled upwards by the fierce heat below, glowing through and through with red reflected glare, till it arched itself into one vast dome of red-hot iron, fit roof for all the madness down below,—and beneath it, miles away, I could see the lonely tower of Dundie shining red;—the symbol of the old faith, looking down in stately wonder and sorrow upon the fearful birth-throes of a new age. Yes,—why did I say just now despair? I was wrong. Birth-throes and not death-pangs, those horrors were. Else they would have no place in my discourse; no place, indeed, in my mind. Why talk over the signs of disease, decay, death? Let the dead bury their dead; and let us follow him who dieth not; by whose command

'The old order changeth, giving place to the new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways.'"

Another fire scene he describes as follows:

"It was on the Tuesday or Wednesday after, if I recollect right, that I saw another and still more awful sight. Along the north side of Queen square, in front of ruins which had been three days before noble buildings, lay a ghastly row, not of corpses, but of corpse-fragments. I have no more wish than you to dilate upon that sight. But there was one charred fragment, with a scrap of old red petticoat adhering to it, which I never forgot,—which I trust in God I never shall forget. It is good for a man to be brought, once at least in his life, face to face with fact, ultimate fact, however horrible it may be; and have to confess to himself, shuddering, what things are possible upon God's earth, when man has forgotten that his only welfare lies in living after the likeness of God."

## SPIRITUAL PEACE.

I REMARK upon the nature of this peace that it is *profound and real.* "The peace of God," saith an apostle, "that passeth all understanding." This peace not only fills all the senses to the brim, till every power is satiated with delight, but the understanding which can take in the whole world, and understand many things which are not within the range of vision, even the understanding cannot take in the length and the breadth of this peace. And not only will *the* understanding fail to compass it, but *all* understanding is outdone. When our judgment hath exerted itself to the utmost, it cannot comprehend the hights and depths of this profound peace. Have you ever imagined what must be the stillness of the caverns in the depth of the seas, a thousand fathoms beneath the bosom of the floods, where the mariners' bones lie undisturbed, where pearls are born, and corals that never see the light, where the long lost gold and silver of the merchants lie sprinkled on the sandy floor—down in the rock caves, and the silent palaces of darkness where waves dash not, and the intruding foot of the diver hath never trodden? So clear, so calm is the peace of God, the placid rest of the assured believer. Or lift up your eyes to the stars. Have you never dreamed a sweet dream of the quietude of those noiseless orbs? Let us mount beyond the realm of noise and riot, let us tread the noiseless highway of the silent orbs. The thunders are far below us, the confused tumult of the crowd deafies not the sanctity of this wondrous quiet. See how the stars sleep on their golden couches, or only open their bright eyes to keep watch upon that stormless sea of ether, and guard the solemn boundaries of the reign of peace. Such is the peace and calm that reigns in the Christian's bosom. "Sweet calm," one calls it; "Perfect peace," David styles it; another one calls it "Great peace." "Great peace have all they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." Last year—I tell you now a secret of my own heart—I had one text which thrust itself upon my recollection many times a day. I dreamed of it when I slept; when I awoke it went with me, and I verified it, and rejoiced in it: "His soul shall dwell at ease." It is my promise now. There is such an *ease*—quite consistent with labor, with agony for the souls of men, with an earnest desire for yet greater attainments in Divine life; there is such an ease—it is not to be gained by all the appliances of luxury, by all the aggrandizement of wealth—an ease in which "not a wave of trouble rolls across the peaceful breast," but all is calm, and all is clear, and all is joy and love. May we evermore dwell in that serene atmosphere, and never lose our hold of this peace.—*Spurgeon's Sermon, Feb. 19th.*

BROOM CORN AND WEEPING WILLOWS.—In the Mohawk Valley of New York vast quantities of broom corn are annually grown. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Connecticut are the next largest producers of it. Its origin as a cultivated plant in this country is attributed to Dr. Franklin. It is a native of India. Franklin saw an imported whisk of corn in the possession of a lady in Philadelphia, and while examining it as a curiosity, found a seed, which he planted, and from this small beginning arose this valuable product of industry in the United States. In the same manner England and America are indebted for the weeping willows to the poet Pope, who, finding a green stick in a basket of figs sent to him as a present from Turkey, stuck it into the garden at Twickenham, and thence propagated this beautiful tree.—*Guardian.*

# Foreign Miscellany.

**Recovery of the Fallen.**—On Tuesday night, at 12 o'clock, a second meeting of unfortunate women took place at the St. James' Hall, Piccadilly. Revs. W. Brock, B. W. Noel, and H. Bickersteth addressed the assembly, with a view to induce them to enter their names as candidates for admission to various reformatories, arrangements having previously been made for this purpose. A correspondent of *The Glasgow Guardian* thus graphically describes the scene:

"I enter the restaurant as one of the privileged few, and as the clock on the large coffee-room has well-nigh reached half-past 11 o'clock, the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, Rev. Mr. Bickersteth of Hampstead, (nephew of the late rector of Watton,) Rev. W. Brock, and others, (including the officials of the various institutions above mentioned,) pass along and sit down in conference at one of the tables. Midnight at last comes, and ere it has arrived there have passed into the adjoining large room about twenty women, who have been shown to seats at different tables. The gentlemen enter, scatter themselves over the room, speak kindly words, see that the guests are supplied with sandwiches, bread and butter, cake, tea, and coffee, all of which are placed before them, and try to make them feel somewhat at ease. Rapidly the tables fill up. Through that great door, entering from Regent street, passes a constant stream inwards, and seats at these tables and refreshments are provided for all. Some Christian matrons are present, and they take their share in kindly converse with their fallen sisters. Some of them, poor creatures! are very young, not more than fifteen years of age; others are mothers in sin, and have the 'forehead' that almost refuses to be 'ashamed.' There is a low class present at one table, as indicated by their clothing, and also by their occasional levity and hysteric laughter, even when others are deeply solemnized. But these are the exception. The great majority, however, of those present—about 180 in number—are quiet and ladylike, and few could guess from their aspect through what scenes of sin and misery they have passed. They are dressed not extravagantly or gaudily, and are not ungrateful for attentions, nor insensible to kind words spoken to them. To ask them individually and in quiet tones whether their parents were alive when that mother who was gone had died, etc., generally brought out feeling, and in some cases deep emotion. Thus the way was opened for one to tell them that their friends in heaven asked them to come to-night truly loved their souls, had no contempt for them, looked on themselves as by nature corrupt, and that they longed to see them come to Christ and be holy and happy and pure. They might be restored to friends, and become happy wives and mothers by-and-by! This was indeed a delightful mission to be called to fulfill, and it was not unappreciated.

"An hour passed away and more ere all were served of the numbers who arrived. At last Mr. Noel, with others gathered around him, began to speak to them. He took as the subject of his address the case of the Philippian jailer, and especially his terror-struck inquiry, and the answer, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ,' etc. On this he did not preach, but spoke, with admirable fullness and with fervent affection. His gentle winning face and manner, with his sweet voice and loving tones, told. He urged them to come to the Savior now, and showed them from how many *temporal* miseries they would be 'saved,' if first of all they sought the soul's welfare *first*. Next followed Mr. Bickersteth, who dwelt on the happiness of home, with its holy affections and relations. Then Rev. William Brock—that very model, in his burly strength, and blooming cheek, and kindly eyes, and Saxon plainness of speech, of a genuine Englishman—said that the friends present were ready to take away one hundred of those whom he addressed, and to provide refuge and protection for them that very night. He then offered a short and fervent prayer, which was followed by special invocation of the quickening and converting grace of the Holy Spirit by Rev. Dr. M'Lean of the United States. They should not be treated with severity, and a way would be opened up for their return to society, and to their friends. I may not dwell longer on this matter at present, but it was a marvelous scene, *novel* in the extreme, and glorious in its aim and issues. Mr. Noel exhibited a sheaf of letters from girls who had obeyed the call to leave their sins on the first night of meeting, expressing their happiness. Two of the writers at least had gone home, and were in the bosom of their families. Many said they *could not* obey the summons *then*, as they had property and clothes to look after. Others, among the older ones, said that they had houses of their own which they rented. A goodly number, however, went at once to the different Homes, and on nearly *all* very solemn impressions were made. Surely there is enough of Christ in the spirit of this movement, as well as in its first-fruits, as to encourage and stimulate similar efforts in our great cities throughout the kingdom. *Let it be tried.* A similar meeting is soon to be held in the east of London."

Another spectator thus describes a touching episode in the address of the first speaker—Mr. Noel:

"'My young friends,' he begins; and he has no reason to complain of want of attention, though there are no signs of special interest. He tells his strange audience of that midnight meeting of the two apostles and the jailer—the earthquake and the cry for salvation. He rapidly and plainly applies the story—not so much to the conscience as to the consciousness of his hearers. . . . He offers the means of instant rescue—a home which, he takes care to assure them, is not a prison; a home in which they shall be subjected to no indignity or privation, but from which they may emerge respected, perhaps beloved. He tells them of others who have thus been saved from all the misery of a sinful life. He refers to a letter from one who, forty years ago, escaped back into good repute, and has grown up in honorable married life. But all this while he has spoken to an audience more attentive than interested, and certainly not affected. As by an afterthought, he mentions that, since their last meeting, some mother has sent him a photograph of her daughter, beseeching him to seek that lost one in this company. In an instant the sealed-up fountains are opened, and strong emotion replaces real or feigned indifference. They who heard, unmoved, of Divine love and of human help, are touched and shaken by the voice of a weeping mother. Some sob audibly in their tempest of awakened memory. Tears run down the cheeks of many. It seems as though every fallen daughter were asking 'Is it my mother? Is it my picture?'"

Of the prayer offered by Mr. Brock he says:

"His supplication is surely not unaccompanied. Church congregations are not more decorous than this—let us hope, not more devout. Nearly every face is covered, and some knees are bent. It is such a prayer as every human being can join in—the fervent breathing, in homely words, of a heart that asks aid from heaven to abate the sin and misery on earth; the sin and misery here, close at hand."

As the result of this effort, the sun of that Wednesday morning arose upon twenty-three women "who had been" each emphatically "a sinner," now on the way to recovered character and a virtuous life—and why may we not say to conversion? A still larger number were rescued at the first meeting.

We are happy to be able to state that in the interval between the two meetings £1,000 were raised for the promotion of the good work. The object deserves further support, and will, doubtless, obtain it, as well as that prayerful remembrance of its promoters and their efforts, which is not less valuable than pecuniary aid.

**A Nobleman in the Ranks.**—The heir to a Scottish Earldom was discovered in the garb of a private soldier a few days ago. On being recognized, his Lordship, who formerly held the rank of an officer, at once admitted that he had enlisted. How far this act will bar certain legal proceedings already commenced against him is yet to be decided.—*United Service Gazette.*

**Weekly Prayer-Meeting at Exeter Hall.**—The Earl of Cavan read Isaiah lv. 1—"Ho, every one that thirsteth," etc.; after which the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, and Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth, (incumbent of Christ church, Hampstead,) prayed in succession. A hymn having been sung, prayer was offered by Rev. Thomas Alexander, minister of the English Presbyterian church, Chelsea. Rev. Samuel Martin, minister of Westminster (Independent) chapel, then delivered the address, the subject of which was the duty of greater simplicity of faith in looking for the renewing of the Holy Ghost. After pointing out that God seemed now to be calling his people (1) to more personal intercession, and (2) to more direct, positive, and plain speaking on religious subjects, he closed by urging all present to a childlike faith and full obedience. The concluding prayers were offered by Rev. W. D. Long, rector of Bermondsey, and John Finch, Esq. The doxology was then sung, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. W. Woolhouse Robinson, incumbent of Christ church, Chelsea.

**Publican's Port.**—*Sick Pauper:* "Oh! yes, what is Publican's (s) port is death to us."—*Punch.*

**A Practical Poem.**—*The Times* invokes Mr. Cowper, the new President of the Board of Works, to set resolutely to work at cleaning the Serpentine, and exhorts him honorably to connect his name with the improvement which would thereby be effected. If Mr. Cowper will take this good advice, future competitive candidates for Government situations will, in answer to the question of their examiners, assuredly declare him to have been the author of Cowper's *Task.*—*Punch.*

**Cleanliness.**—Compare the dirtiness of the water in which you have washed when it is cold without soap, cold with soap, hot with soap. You will find the first has hardly removed any dirt at all, the second a little more, and the third a great deal more. But hold your hand over a cup of hot water for a minute or two, and then, by merely rubbing with the finger, you will bring off flakes of dirt or dirty skin. After a vapor-bath you may peel your whole self clean in this way. What I mean is, that by simply washing or sponging with water you do not really clean your skin. Take a rough towel, dip one corner in very hot water—if a little spirit be added to it, it will be more effectual—and then rub as if you were rubbing the towel into your skin with your fingers. The black flakes which will come off will convince you that you were not clean before, however much soap and water you may have used. These flakes are what require removing. And you can really keep yourself cleaner with a tumbler-full of hot water and a rough towel and rubbing, than with a whole apparatus of bath and soap and sponge, without rubbing. It is quite nonsense to say that anybody need be dirty. Patients have been kept as clean by these means on a long voyage, when a basinful of water could not be afforded, and when they could not be moved out of their berths, as if all the appurtenances of home had been at hand. Washing, however, with a large quantity of water, has quite other effects than those of mere cleanliness. The skin absorbs the water, and becomes softer and more perspirable. To wash with soap and soft water is, therefore, desirable from other points of view than that of cleanliness.—*Notes on Nursing, by Florence Nightingale.*

**India.**—A bill has been brought before the Indian Council of some interest to Missionary Societies. Hitherto a Hindoo or Mohammedan who embraced Christianity has been compelled to remain single. His wife will usually not follow him; and under an old Act of Parliament he is liable, if he marries again, to a prosecution for bigamy. Sir Charles Jackson has introduced a bill legalizing a second marriage. If there are no children, the convert must wait for his wife two years; if there are, the period of probation is extended to four. This long delay, on which the bill is avowedly founded, will probably be reduced in committee. The act has no political meaning, the Hindoos holding that conversion is civil death, and the Mohammedans regarding it as equivalent to formal divorce. The question of the *patris potestas* remaining with a convert will be very much more difficult. I do not remember the case occurring, but if a convert claims his Mussulman or Hindoo children, there will be some excitement.—*Times' Correspondent.*

**The Budget.**—It may be admitted that few persons except the present Chancellor of the Exchequer would have dared, in the face of such an alarming deficiency, to propose so extensive a reduction of obnoxious taxes. The whole scheme exhibits a firmness of reliance on the great principles of political economy which may well startle timid minds, as yet incapable of grasping the true nature, or at all events of discovering the proper application of the principles on which the Budget is based. Hitherto financiers have crept timidly along the shores, and have felt horribly afraid if any chance gust blew them for a moment out of sight of land. Mr. Gladstone, having the well-proved compass on board, for the first time quits this crawling, roundabout plan of financial navigation, and boldly launches on the deep ocean of facts and speculations with full confidence in the correctness of his instrument, and its power of directing him safely to his port. If the doctrines of free trade are not worthless, if the experience of free trade is not a failure, then Mr. Gladstone is justified in adopting the bolder course, and the country is justified in expecting results as beneficial as those which have invariably resulted from the application of the same principles on former occasions.—*Leeds Mercury.*


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Revised, enlarged, and annotated by the author. The work will be in four volumes, printed at the Riverside Press, on fine tinted paper, in the style of the Boston edition of the "Curiosities of Literature." It will have a copious index and new portrait, and will be altogether the finest edition of Carlyle ever issued on either side of the Atlantic. Price $1 25 per vol. Ready April 1st.

LORD BACON'S WORKS.

The complete works of Francis Bacon, in 15 vols. crown octavo. Reprinted from the recent London edition, edited by JAMES SPEDDING, of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, SWEET MUSIC, MUSIC-BOOKS, and all kinds of Musical Merchandize, at the lowest possible prices. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, from $25 to $150. Pianos and Melodeons to rent, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same.
586-626 HORACE WATERS, Agt., No. 333 Broadway.

GOLD MEDAL GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS, STEINWAY & SONS, Manufacturers, No. 84 Walker street, near Broadway, N. Y., received the highest premium when and wherever they brought their Pianos in competition with the best makers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Among the judges were GOTTSCHALK, W. MASON, WOLFENHAUPT.

Every Piano warranted for three years. Prices moderate.
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## Raven, Bacon & Co.,

(Successors to BACON & RAVEN,)

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,

WAREROOM, No. 135 GRAND STREET, NEAR BROADWAY,

Where a full assortment of instruments may be found, exclusively of our own manufacture, warranted in every respect.
562-613

## EDUCATION.

TEACHER.—A LADY OF EXPERIENCE AND capability desires to engage as English Teacher in some Seminary in the city or country. Higher Mathematics included.
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MAPLEWOOD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, Pittsfield, Mass., commences its Thirty-eighth Semi-Annual Session on April 5th. With a large corps of permanent professors, ample cabinets and apparatus, the finest gymnasium in New England, and other rare facilities for physical training, in a location celebrated for its beauty and salubrity, it presents unrivaled advantages for female education. To graduates of other schools, some of whom are always in attendance, the Institute affords opportunities for acquisitions to almost any extent in the fine arts and modern languages. For circulars address the Principals, Rev. C. V. SPEAR and Rev. J. R. BOYD.
N.B.—Mr. Boyd, now in the city, may be referred to at No. 75 West 20th street, or 21 Murray street; and will accompany pupils to Pittsfield by Harlem Railroad, April 4th, A.M. 589-591

$29,50 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS, PAYS for Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English in Valley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego co., N. Y. Spring Term opens March 29, 1860. For Circulars or Catalogue, address JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal.
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MRS. WILLIAMS'
FRENCH AND ENGLISH
BOARDING AND DAY-SCHOOL,
No. 26 West 39th st., near 5th avenue,

is now open for the reception of pupils. The "PRIVATE CLASS" meets three times a week. This Class offers peculiar advantages to young ladies who have left school, and wish to pursue with masters a course of HISTORY, LITERATURE LANGUAGES, MUSIC, PAINTING, and DRAWING. For these accomplishments the most distinguished talent is secured.
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HAMILTON FEMALE SEMINARY, AT HAMilton, Madison co., N. Y. Misses A. A. Fields and M. A. Hastings, Principals. Spring term opens March 14th. Terms for Board and Tuition in regular course of study, including all necessary expenses, $175 per year. For circulars address either of the Principals.
588-590

$120 PER YEAR. COOPERSTOWN SEMINARY, Cooperstown, N. Y., $120 PER YEAR.
The birth-place of Cooper, the great American Novelist, is unsurpassed in all its appointments for both sexes. The summer term begins May 11th. R. C. FLACK, A.B., Principal.
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$40 PAYS BOARD and TUITION 14 Weeks, at HUDSON RIVER INST., Claverack, Col. co., N. Y. TERM OPENS APRIL 13th. Fourteen Instructors. Ladies desiring to Teach furnished places.
Write for a Catalogue.
586-590 REV. A. FLACK, Principal.

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG Ladies, Bridgeport, Ct. $200 per year. For Circulars address the Principal,
588-587* MISS EMILY NELSON.

## INSURANCE.

JANUARY, 1860.

The Insured Participate in the Profits,

WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

## Continental Insurance Co.,

CITY OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE, NO. 18 WALL STREET.

| | |
|---|---|
| STOCK CAPITAL (all paid in, and securely invested) | $500,000 |
| ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1860 | 946,000 |
| LIABILITIES | 31,000 |

*Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other Insurable Property, at the rates charged by other solvent institutions.*

☞ THREE-FOURTHS of the net profits of the business of this Company are divided annually to holders of its policies, in Scrip bearing interest, and such profits carefully invested for the additional security of the insured, until the fund thus accumulated shall have reached the sum of $500,000, making the cash guarantee of the Company $1,000,000; and, thereafter, the Scrip will be redeemed as rapidly and to the extent that the profits accruing to the policy-holders exceed the sum of $500,000.

| | per ct. |
|---|---|
| 1st Annual Division to Policy-Holders, declared July 9, 1857 | 33½ |
| 2d " " " | July 8, 1858 | 50 |
| 3d " " " | July 14, 1859 | 50 |

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary.
CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary. 562-592

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 106 BROADWAY, corner of Pine street. *CASH CAPITAL, $300,000.* This Company, having a cash capital exceeded by those of only three other city companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and insured.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

| | |
|---|---|
| Joseph B. Varnum, | Warren Delano, Jr., |
| Leonard Appleby, | Henry V. Butler, |
| Frederick H. Wolcott, | Joseph R. Varnum, Jr., |
| William K. Strong, | James Lorimer Graham, Jr., |
| Moses Taylor, | Bowes R. Mellvaine, |
| James O. Sheldon, | Gilbert L. Beekman, |
| Daniel Parish, | John C. Henderson, |
| Gustavus A. Conover, | Lorrain Freeman, |
| Martin Bates, Jr., | Edward Macomber, |
| Dudley B. Fuller, | Watson F. Case, |
| Charles L. Yose, | Charles R. Appleby, |

Samuel D. Bradford, Jr.
EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Assistant Secretary. 575-626*

REVIVAL MUSIC-BOOK—COMBINING NOS. 1 and 2, with twenty additional tunes, making in all seventy-three Tunes and Hymns, many of them new. This is the best collection of Revival Melodies yet published, and should be introduced into every prayer-meeting throughout the land. Price 9 cents; $5 per hundred; postage 1 cent. Just issued by
589-590 HORACE WATERS, Agent, No. 333 Broadway.

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SHOULD BUY
## The New York Weekly
NEXT THURSDAY,
(THE BEST STORY AND SKETCH PAPER PUBLISHED,)
And Read the
NEW AND EXCITING NOVELETTE
FROM THE PEN OF
Henry Morford, Esq.,
ENTITLED
## The Candidate's Wife;
OR,
THE DANGEROUS SECRET.

Mr. Morford has been associated for the last twenty-five years with the very first men of our country, and no one is better able to do duty to the above-named story than he is.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

NEXT THURSDAY. PRICE 4 CENTS PER COPY.
590H

SICKNESS; ITS TRIALS AND ITS BLESSINGS.
12mo, 400 pages, $1.

"It is a book full of comfort and hope; its counsels are wise, tender, Scriptural, and appropriate."—*N. Y. Evan.*

HYMNS FOR THE SICK ROOM. 16mo, 40 cents.

"They are old familiar songs, that ring in the soul with thoughts of the Redeemer and heaven. It is a book that will make glow the sinking hearts of many a sick child of God."—*Observer.*

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Sent by mail, prepaid, on the receipt of the price, remitted in postage stamps or otherwise. 588-2teow

N. Y. S.-S. UNION.

THE HYMNS FOR THE ANNIVERSARY IN May next, are now ready for delivery at the Depository, No. 375 Broadway. J. W. C. LEVERIDGE,
589-592 Ch'n of Com. of Arrangements.

## MUSIC, PIANOS, ETC.

## Chickering & Sons,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand Square and Upright Piano-Fortes,

WAREROOMS NO. 694 BROADWAY, N. Y.

PIANOS MADE TO ORDER,
TO SUIT ANY STYLE OF FURNITURE.

MESSRS. C. & SONS have been awarded THIRTY-EIGHT PRIZE MEDALS, over all competition, for the superiority of their manufactures, exhibited by them at the different Fairs in this country and in Europe.
Also, for sale, at wholesale and retail,

MASON & HAMLIN'S
MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS,
ORGAN MELODEONS AND ORGAN HARMONIUMS,
For Parlors, Churches, Vestries, and Lodges.

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS TO RENT.

WAREROOMS IN BOSTON, No. 246 Washington st.
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PIANOS, MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS, and all kinds of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, SWEET MUSIC, MUSIC-BOOKS, and all kinds of Musical Merchandize, at the lowest possible prices. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, from $25 to $150. Pianos and Melodeons to rent, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same.
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| ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1860 | 946,000 |
| LIABILITIES | 31,000 |

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| Leonard Appleby, | Henry V. Butler, |
| Frederick H. Wolcott, | Joseph R. Varnum, Jr., |
| William K. Strong, | James Lorimer Graham, Jr., |
| Moses Taylor, | Bowes R. Mellvaine, |
| James O. Sheldon, | Gilbert L. Beekman, |
| Daniel Parish, | John C. Henderson, |
| Gustavus A. Conover, | Lorrain Freeman, |
| Martin Bates, Jr., | Edward Macomber, |
| Dudley B. Fuller, | Watson F. Case, |
| Charles L. Yose, | Charles R. Appleby, |

Samuel D. Bradford, Jr.
EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Assistant Secretary. 575-626*

STATEMENT OF THE
UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
No. 46 WALL STREET,
FOR THE YEAR 1859.

Assets, 1st January, 1859 ..... $497,290 98

RECEIPTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Premiums and Charges for Policies | $175,278 75 | |
| Interest and Rents | 31,727 27 | |
| | | $207,006 02 |
| | | $704,296 97 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid Claims by Death | $57,606 97 |
| Endowment and other Policies Purchased | 16,502 55 |
| Dividends, and Profits paid with Claims | 20,131 66 |
| Commissions, Physicians' Fees, Taxes | 16,762 10 |
| Office Expenses, Advertising, Printing, Stationery | 17,048 75 |
| | $127,632 03 |

ASSETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cash in Bank, Trust Co., and on Call | $26,128 60 | |
| Bonds and Mortgages | 499,310 69 | |
| Loans on Policies | 35,914 57 | |
| New York City Revenue Bonds | 35,000 00 | |
| Due by Agents | 15,811 83 | |
| Real Estate in Brooklyn | 5,806 36 | |
| Deferred Premiums of 1859 | 42,443 24 | |
| Interest receivable | 6,250 25 | |
| Assets, 1st January, 1860 | | $576,664 94 |
| | | $704,296 97 |

There are no losses due and unpaid.
All other losses, known or reported, amount to $11,000.
Whole number of Policies issued in 1859 ..... 586
Whole number of Policies issued since the organization ..... 7,342

DIRECTORS.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS, President, No. 40 Wall street.
LUTHER BRADISH, late Lieut.-Gov. state New York.
JAMES SUYDAM, late Merchant.
JAMES MARSH, late Merchant.
JOHN J. CISCO, Assistant U. S. Treasurer.
THOS. C. DOREMUS, Merchant, Murray street.
ISAAC A. STORM, Merchant, Water street.
JOHN A. LUQUEER, Pres. Adriatic Ins. Co.
JOSIAH RICH, Merchant, Front street.
CHARLES M. CONNOLLY, Merchant, Water street.
BENJ. F. WHEELWRIGHT, Pres. Greenwich Bank.
WILSON G. HUNT, Merchant, Park place.
DAN. H. ARNOLD, President Mercantile Bank.
WASHINGTON R. VERMILYE, Banker, Wall street.
WILLIAM TUCKER, Pres. Knickerbocker Ins. Co.
SHEPHERD KNAPP, Pres. Mechanics' Bank.
EDWARD S. CLARK, Banker, William street.
ISAAC N. PHELPS, Banker, Wall street.
FRANCIS T. LEQUEER, Pres. Firemen's Ins. Co.
JOHN J. PHELPS, Banker, Wall street.
CHARLES E. BILL, Banker, William street.
CLINTON GILBERT, Merchant, Water street.
JACOB HARSEN, 79 Ninth street.
WILLIAM B. BOLLES, Astoria, Long Island.
HANSON K. CORNING, Merchant, South street.
JOHN C. BALDWIN, Merchant, Park row.
EDWARD MINTURN, Merchant, Water street.
AUGUSTUS H. WARD, late Merchant, Washington place.
JAMES GALLATIN President National Bank.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS, President.
N. G. DE GROOT, Actuary. JOHN RADIE, Sec'y.
JAMES W. G. CLEMENTS, M.D., Medical Examiner, (residence, 19 Amity street,) at the office from 12 to 1 P.M.
GEO. P. CAMMANN, M.D., Consulting Physician.
J. B. GATES, General Agent. 589-592

## ATLANTIC
## Mutual Insurance Company.

NEW YORK, JAN. 27, 1860.

THE TRUSTEES, IN CONFORMITY TO THE Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1859.

| | |
|---|---|
| Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1859, to 31st December, 1859 | $4,497,466 28 |
| Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1859 | 1,396,178 85 |
| Total amount of Marine Premiums | $5,893,647 13 |
| No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks. | |
| Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1859, to 31st December, 1859 | $4,480,947 02 |
| Losses paid during the same period | $2,465,792 96 |
| Returns of Premiums and Expenses | 593,842 41 |
| The Company have the following Assets, viz.: | |
| United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks | $2,567,021 01 |
| Real Estate, Loans secured by Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages, and otherwise | 955,510 00 |
| Dividends on Stocks, Interest on Bonds and Mortgages, and other Loans, sundry notes, re-insurance, and other claims due the Company, estimated at | 115,467 48 |
| Premium Notes and Bills Receivable | 2,181,999 53 |
| Cash in Bank | 182,794 65 |
| Total amount of Assets | $6,002,732 67 |

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the seventh of February next.

After reserving TWO AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS of profits, the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1858 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of THIRTY-FIVE PER CENT. is declared on the net earned Premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1859, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday the seventh of February next.

The profits of the Company, ascertained from the 1st July, 1842, to the 1st of January, 1859, for which Certificates were issued, amount to ..... $8,689,470
Additional profits from 1st January, 1859, to 1st January, 1860 ..... 1,539,000
Total profits for 17½ years ..... $10,428,470
The Certificates previous to 1858 have been redeemed by cash ..... 6,619,220
Net earnings remaining with the Company on 1st January, 1860 ..... $3,809,250

By order of the Board,
W. TOWNSEND JONES, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John D. Jones, | Edward H. Gillilan, | William E. Dodge, |
| Charles Dennis, | Royal Phelps, | Dennis Perkins, |
| W. H. H. Moore, | Caleb Barstow, | Joseph Gaillard, Jr., |
| Thomas Tileston, | A. P. Pillot, | William Wood, |
| Henry Colt, | Leroy M. Wiley, | J. Henry Burgy, |
| Wm. C. Pickersgill, | Daniel S. Miller, | Cornelius Grinnell, |
| Lewis Curtis, | S. T. Nicoll, | C. A. Hand, |
| Wm. S. Wetmore, | Joshua J. Henry, | Watts Sherman, |
| Charles H. Russell, | Geo. G. Hobson, | Edward R. Bell, |
| Lowell Holbrook, | David Lane, | E. E. Morgan, |
| Robert C. Goodhue, | James Bryce, | B. J. Howland, |
| P. A. Hargous, | Wm. Sturgis, Jr., | Benj. Babcock, |
| Meyer Gans, | Henry K. Bogert, | Fletcher Westray |
| | A. A. Low. | |

JOHN D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres't.
588-595

## PHŒNIX
## Fire Insurance Company,
## Of Brooklyn, New York.

BRANCH OFFICE, NO. 62 WALL ST.

| | |
|---|---|
| CASH CAPITAL | $200,000 |
| SURPLUS | 90,000 |
| TOTAL ASSETS | $290,000 |

This Office offers ample security to all parties desiring to insure their property against loss by fire. The business of the Office is not confined to the cities of New York and Brooklyn, but applications for Insurance are solicited and Insurances effected in various parts of the Union, through their agents, or by direct application to the New York office; and in the settlement of Losses a liberal policy has always been extended to the insured.

F. WHITAKER,
State Agent for Wisconsin, at Janesville.
GEORGE C. DAVIES,
General Western Agent, at Cincinnati, Ohio.
STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary. 564tf

## EXCELSIOR
## Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL—$200,000.

Office, No. 6 Broad Street, New York.
This Company Insures Buildings of all kinds, Household Furniture, Merchandise, Vessels in Port, and other Property, AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE.
HENRY QUACKENBOSS, Secretary.
584-598 EUGENE PLUNKETT, President.

## Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

AGENCY, NO. 11 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Accumulated Fund ..... $3,400,582 29
Paid out for Dividends Declared .... 1,818,359 43

The Company was organized in 1845, upon the *purely mutual* principle. It now possesses more assets for its liabilities than any other Life Insurance company in this country. DIVIDENDS are declared annually, and are PAID to aid the insured in settling future premiums. Notes are taken for half of life premiums. Papers and information furnished (without charge) by the undersigned.
Jan. 1, 1860. JOS. L. & I. P. LORD, Agents.
589-591

## HOME
Insurance Company of New York.
Office. 

## Editors' Book Table.

TWELVE YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA: Being Extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hodson, B.A.; including a personal narrative of the Siege of Delhi, and Capture of the King and Princes. Edited by his brother, Rev. George H. Hodson, M.A. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

A NARRATIVE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE FATE OF SIR. JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS COMPANIONS. By Captain McClintock, R.N., LL.D.; with Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

These two books, issued almost simultaneously from the careful and enterprising press of their Boston publishers, have been most interesting and instructive to us, not only as relating incidents and actions in themselves extraordinary, but as illustrating,—from different careers, pursued even on the opposite sides of the world, and yet with an essential spiritual harmony pervading and associating them,—the *peculiar moral energy and strength of the English character*. It is impossible to read them without being constantly anew impressed by this. The same staunch and sterling properties are shown by Hodson, waiting, fighting, administering governments, enduring reproach, conquering a renown, dying, in India, and by McClintock and his companions battling with storms, and ice-floes, and sickness, and all the terrible and accumulating Arctic perils, in their indomitable and at last successful search for the relics of the missing Franklin expedition. The centre of strength and endurance in both is the same: a disciplined and imperative Conscience, giving the law to purpose and life; a sense of DUTY, that is cheerfully and not reluctantly obeyed, and in obedience to which is found gladness and peace. This is the lesson of the volumes; and in the thorough development and the plain manifestation of this, they have a moral significance and value, surpassing all the special interest which may also attach to them as records of splendid or tragical achievement.

Hodson, whose Indian life is related to us in the first of the volumes, was one of Dr. Arnold's boys at Rugby, and has been before described in his early life, under the name of "East," in "Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby." He seems to have been a pleasant boy at school; more remarkable, however, for his speed in running than for anything else. But he was thoroughly pervaded and moulded by the peculiar and powerful moral influence of his great and revered instructor; and thereafter to the end of his life, he recognized the 'tone' of Dr. Arnold as the highest and most just possible on all subjects. Going out to India, at a somewhat advanced age for one entering on service there, his position from the first was a rather anomalous one, and brought around him some special embarrassments. But he was patient, daring, skilful, brilliant, able to discipline and control men, just in his judgments, generous, conscientious, and ready to hazard everything that belonged to him at any moment to further the great interests he was set to maintain; and the inevitable result was that he rose steadily and rapidly to the highest estimation among those who knew him, and compelled at last the enthusiastic respect and affection of all parts of the army.

It was he who, almost without followers, captured the King of Delhi, and afterwards the princes, his more guilty sons; and who slew these latter with his own hand, to avoid their being rescued by the crowd of their fanatical followers; and then exposed their bodies on the spot where the English ladies from Delhi had been wantonly and horribly murdered by their orders, on the outbreak of the Revolt. The narrative of these exploits, and of all the others which were crowded by him into the marvelously short space of the few years he passed in India, reads almost like a story from the ballads, or from the pages of romance. And still everywhere is shown the cool, sagacious, English sense; the warm and hearty English affection for home and kindred; above all, the deliberate, authoritative English conscience. Whether he acted rightly or wrongly in particular cases, it is impossible not to feel that he *meant* to do his duty, promptly and thoroughly; and that when he had made up his mind what this demanded, the world might go to shivers under him, but till it did he would not be either daunted or detained.—Precisely the same essential lesson is taught, too, as we have suggested, in the very interesting narrative of Captain McClintock; the general course of which is already somewhat familiar to our readers, probably, through the newspaper extracts that have floated over the country. The same hardihood, enterprise, foresight, moral power—the same steadiness, 'pluck,' and unyielding determination, all rooted in the same religious conviction and conscientious consecration—meet us afresh on every page. And we are exhilarated, as we go on in the book, to find continually that there is at least one principle of action, one force in character, that no series of terrors and of perils can avail to break down; and that this is most familiar to those who are kindred with us by blood, and whose mother-tongue, instinct with the ideas of righteous authority and of moral submission, is ours as well.

It is the life of the English prosperity; the key to all that is most illustrious in her history; the prophecy of her great Future in the world;—and it is, as well, the vindication of Protestantism, the majestic attestation of the value of those great religious and educational institutions and influences that prevail in England:—this steadfast, disciplined, unyielding sense of Duty; that is better, stronger, and far more enduring, than all passionate patriotism, all love of glory, all desire of preferment and renown. The latter, as formative principles in national character, make it always showy, superficial, precarious. The former makes it solid as the oak; and capable of the utmost accomplishment and self-sacrifice.

Long may England be able to wear on her brow as her real crown, this CHARACTER in her sons, which is so brightly and impressively delineated in these two volumes.

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND. By Samuel Ireneus Prime. New York: Sheldon & Co.

There are few travelers whose letters, already familiar to the public, will bear to be reprinted after the lapse of years has robbed them of their freshness. But Dr. Prime is a natural letter-writer—never profoundly philosophical, but often pleasantly suggestive upon manners and institutions; never really witty, but often sprightly and entertaining; altogether a genial companionable man. Indeed he even has latent somewhere in his nature a sympathy for freedom and the rights of men, which is evoked for a moment at sight of the monument of William Tell. His descriptions of scenery are frequently graphic and just. We quite agree with him that some of the finest waterfalls in Switzerland are unmentioned in the guide-books. This cheerful little volume itself would serve as a good guide-book for those who propose to visit Switzerland next summer. It contains a number of well-selected illustrations. The writer begins his journey with Basle and the Rhine, and terminates it at Geneva. But a brief chapter is added of general sketches, and another upon Saxon Swytz.

Appended to this volume is a select list of publications issued by Sheldon & Co., which is a good illustration of the catholicity of the house, and the wide range of its religious literature. We find the Baptists represented not only by Mr. Spurgeon, but by Drs. Wayland and Fuller, once in controversy, and by Drs. Turnbull, Dowling, and others; the Episcopalians by Bishop Eastburn and Dr. Hawks; by the side of the editor of *The Observer* we find the editor of *The Evangelist*, so that the leopard and the kid lie down together; the pastors of the Brick Church and of the Broadway Tabernacle are in the same list; which is crowned with the peerless names of Olshausen, Neander, Tholuck, and Adolphe Monod. In addition to these the Humboldt Library and the Sabbath-school Library, published by this house, and the new series of Mr. Abbott's stories, offer an attractive list of juvenile and family books.

HEALTH AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.—The relations between bodily health and religious elevation or depression of feeling, force themselves upon the attention of every intelligent and observing pastor. Happily this important department of the philosophy of what is commonly called religious experience, receives much more attention now than formerly. Richard Baxter, two hundred years ago, preached and published on the subject in his practical yet sharply logical way. His "Cure of Melancholy and Overmuch Sorrow, by Faith and Physic," is an admirable exposition of "the influence of health and disease on religious experience." The medical part of it—particularly the prescriptions with which the old valetudinarian volunteers to help forward the art of self-medication—would not indeed "receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians," and indeed may be regarded as quite behind the times. But with that exception the treatise is worthy of a place among religious classics.

Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jones, an O.-S. Presbyterian pastor in Philadelphia, has discussed this whole subject carefully and minutely, in a volume of 300 pages, entitled "Man, Moral and Physical; or, the influence of health and disease on religious experience." William S. & Alfred Martien, publishers. We commend the book to pastors and others who have to do in any way with persons suffering under religious melancholy, or who would understand the body phenomena so often attendant on great religious excitements. Yet we cannot think that the study of such a book is safe for any person of morbid tendencies, or whose liver and nervous system are not in good condition. Medical books are to be read and studied by the physician, rather than by the patient. We do not remember any instance in which melancholy, religious or otherwise, was cured by informing the sufferer that his disease was physical, or by giving him lectures on the physiology and pathology of the nervous system. Persons whose nerves are strung to health, and whose digestion proceeds unconsciously—"sleek-headed men, and men that sleep o' nights"—may safely read such books, and learn a lesson of charity and wise tenderness toward the afflicted.

HOURS WITH THE EVANGELISTS. By J. Nichols, D.D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

It is grateful to all who revere the Bible as a divine Revelation, to observe the vigorous and healthy reaction of many leading minds in the Unitarian denomination against those rationalistic and pantheistic views of religion which at one time threatened to swallow up the remnants of the good old faith which the Buckminsters, Channings, and Wares had retained. In several quarters we note something better than Dr. Bellows's "suspense of faith;" namely, a positive and earnest *faith* in the Bible as the declaration of God's will to men, attested by miracles and confirmed by all the appropriate sanctions of a divine Revelation. Some time ago we called attention to a very lucid and able discourse upon this subject by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth, who has just been elected to the Plummer Professorship in Harvard College. In his Dudleian Lecture for 1856, Dr. Peabody defines a miracle to be "an event occurring by no proximate cause that has been previously known to produce such an event, and thus indicating *the direct action of the Divine power without any immediate efficient cause, or necessarily connected antecedent*;" and he maintains that "the Christian revelation and miracles have more than enough of solid historical testimony to substantiate them." We are glad to see that in the work before us the venerable and respected Dr. Nichols takes a similar position. He defines a miracle as "a phenomenon out of the established line of natural causation, the result of a special intervention of Providence in Nature, showing an express volition of Deity for some particular end." His chapter upon "the Harmony of Miracles with Nature," so nearly corresponds with some of Dr. Bushnell's views on the same subject, that the author feels obliged to state that his manuscript was in the printer's hands before the publication of Nature and the Supernatural. We could wish for more vigor of argument and precision of statement than Dr. Nichols sometimes employs, but we are sure that his book will accomplish good among speculative Unitarians, and will be valuable as a testimony for the truth.

NEW COMMENTARIES.—Smith, English & Co. publish, and Randolph has for sale, *Otto von Gerlach's Commentary on the Pentateuch*;—the work of a thorough scholar, who knows how to use his scholarship without displaying it; and to condense the results of thorough criticism into a few simple words, which give the plainest reader a key to the text. Gerlach follows a strictly exegetical method, and is highly evangelical. His commentary deserves to be widely known.

Messrs. W. S. & A. Martien of Philadelphia have issued a second volume of *Jamieson's Commentary on the Historical Books of the Old Testament*; from Judges to Esther. In this work the text is given upon one page and the commentary upon the other. Of course the notes are very brief, but they are pertinent and excellent.

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD have issued vol. 3 of their new edition of Dr. Emmons's works. We have already mentioned that this edition contains several sermons not before published, and an improved arrangement. It will be the standard edition of Emmons, whose works every pastor who would discipline his mind in theological study, ought if possible to own. The Board have issued a new edition of *Punchard* on Congregationalism, the best compendium of the unwritten code of Congregational usages. All their works are for sale by Mr. N. A. Calkins, Appleton's Building.

THE TREASON OF MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES LEE. By George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society.

The brothers Moore are rendering an invaluable service in the elucidation of Revolutionary history. The Diary of the American Revolution by Mr. Frank Moore, we have already commended as an acquisition of unique and sterling value. In the curious and interesting monograph before us, Mr. George Moore furnishes painful evidence of the treasonable designs of Major-General Lee. The paper was heard with great interest by the Historical Society, and is published as a prelude to a volume on this and kindred topics of Revolutionary times. Published by Scribner.

WHIMS AND WAIFS. By Thomas Hood. New York: Derby & Jackson.

A most enjoyable volume, a second gleaning from *The Comic Annual*, *Punch*, and *The London Athenæum*, which proves that many of Hood's choicest kernels of wit had been dropped or overlooked by previous gatherers. Let every patron of English literature buy not this alone, but also Derby & Jackson's edition of the British Classics, to which this is a supplementary volume, though sold independently.

**The Philharmonic.**—The last concert of the season will be given at the Academy on Saturday evening next. The rehearsals thus far promise that this will be one of the richest classical performances ever rendered in New York. The Philharmonic is indubitably established as one of our most popular and valued institutions.

**Compressible Crinoline.**—Mr. L. A. [illegible], No. 92 Warren street, one of the most successful manufacturers of "Extension Skirts," has brought out a style which by its peculiarly graceful form converts every wearer into a *belle*, and by its remarkable flexibility and elasticity obviates the embarrassment so often caused by narrow church-pews and crowded omnibuses. Such an invention must secure another ten years' lease for the present fashion.

**Slavery in Tennessee.**—A correspondent of *The Independent*, writing from Tennessee, says:

"I have been even afraid, and am yet, to mail a letter to you, (although I was born and raised in this state,) on account of the opposition to your sentiments (and mine too) on slavery. We have fifty families at least who do not own slaves to one that does; and of those fifty nearly every one heartily wishes that ours was a free state. If there were to be a war on this subject, and an army from the free states were to come down here, there would be more by far who would fly to it than to the army for protecting slavery. I have been a good deal at college, and I have been in New York city also, and although I have been kept in the dark on this fearful subject, like all or nearly all the non-slaveholders of these Southern states, by the oligarchy of slaveholders, yet I have had better opportunities than usual to become informed on this matter. It is a very sad thing to think of the ignorance and stupidity of so large a majority of our people. It is the policy of the slaveholders to keep them ignorant, and they have been entirely successful. I have seen slaves, for small offenses, beaten with great hickory withes, when every stroke would make the blood flow; I have known one hundred lashes to be given, and the victim to be literally *flayed alive*."

## Commercial and Financial.

### Church Morals.

OUR readers understand pretty well that anything relating to the morals of business is in order, to be discussed in the Commercial department of this paper. At any rate, that policy has been inaugurated, and we don't, under existing circumstances, intend to change it.

Some years since, a religious corporation in this city, known as the "Irish Presbyterian Church" in Canal street, decided that it was for their interest and prosperity to make a sale of their property and move up town to a more central and favorable location. The price was fixed, and publicly named. No purchaser, however, could be found whose views in regard to the value of the property accorded with its owners. They could have made the sale at a reduction of about 20 per cent. to a member of their own congregation who was "willing to buy the property at its fair value." After much time had been given to the matter without any success in accomplishing the object desired, a member of said society called on H. C. Bowen (of Bowen, McNamee & Co.) and offered him the property at the price originally fixed. He decided at once to make the purchase, although when the matter was first named, and before he knew any particulars, Mr. Bowen said he "did not wish to buy any more real estate." As soon as the sale was agreed upon, so anxious were the trustees to make the conveyance, that when the pastor desired to see the purchaser to ask him to allow the church to reserve their marble pulpit for future use, they said no—fearing he might "back down." They wanted the sale to be completed as soon as possible. The trustees of the church were instructed by Wm. M. Evarts, Esq., counsel for Mr. Bowen, how to proceed in order to comply with the laws of the state. They accordingly called a meeting of the society, who, with only one dissenting voice, voted to make the sale, and authorized the trustees to act. The trustees then authorized their president to petition the court for permission to make the conveyance. That petition, *a sworn statement*, was made out, presented, and granted by the court. A "buyer's and seller's" contract was then made between the parties and signed, and the president of the Board of Trustees attached to his signature the seal of the corporation, and acknowledged his act before a state commissioner. That contract bound the seller to deliver the property if the title was found good, and bound the buyer to receive the deed of the same and pay a specified sum. The whole matter, with all the papers, were then put into the hands of Mr. Evarts, who was instructed by *both parties* to proceed with as little delay as possible in making the proper examinations. At this juncture another buyer appeared in the market for the property, and offered quite an advance for it. Immediately the trustees "changed their minds," and decided that they would not make the sale. The buyer we refer to was a prominent member of the society, who had repeatedly before been after the property. Up to this time the society referred to—the "Irish Presbyterian church" in the city of New York—have refused to fulfill a solemn *covenant*—a contract as clear, as fairly made, and as binding as any ever entered into. Nay, more. This said religious corporation has done all this in the face and eyes of three decisions in court again them. The only remaining step of postponement is to carry the case to the Court of Appeals at Albany. By thus doing they can compel the payment of more costs and consume perhaps a few more years of time.

Now, does not such a history furnish a "suitable text" for several Gospel sermons on *financiering* in these columns? We think so. Let no man think it a strange thing that great defalcations occur, that young men fall and are ruined, and that the wicked of all grades do not reform, when such wholesale injustice and repudiation is practiced in such high and holy places. Is it not time that judgment should begin at the house of God?

### Silver.

The production, monetization, and currency of silver have excited the interest of all ages of the world. Silver, as well as gold, has been mostly found in nearly a pure state, which has rendered it available at every period, without any difficulty of separation from its ore by processes involving great skill.

Silver has been in use as money ever since the deluge: no mention being made of it before. It was used in Abraham's time as money in the form of bullion—bar, or ingots, which had to be weighed, coins being then unknown.

Those who are acquainted with ancient history know how abundant silver has been in Asia. The quantity of silver which existed there, even as early as the times of the Persian monarchy, (says Heeren,) was prodigious. The tribute was collected in silver, while gold was used for ornaments.

Silver mines seem to have been of much rarer occurrence in Asia than in Europe. Silver occurs in the mines of Siberia, in China, in Southern Asia, but in all in comparatively small quantities. The large quantities of silver possessed by the Asiatics must have been imported; and thus it appears that, from the beginning of the historic period, the East has always drained the West of its precious metals—mostly silver.

The East was the birth-place of the arts and manufactures, by which she drew her supplies of silver from the West.

Heeren, in his historical researches, tells us that "the richest land in silver known to the ancients was the South of Spain, at that time worked by the Phenicians. The latter derived no less an abundance of this metal from their Spanish colonies, than the Spanlards have done from their South American possessions; and by means of their traffic in the interior of Asia, it was disseminated through all that continent. The extent of their land-traffic would, therefore, be sufficiently proved by the vast abundance of this precious metal in the Persian Empire; even if there were no express testimony to the fact."

Heeren considers the Tarshish of the old Scriptures to be Spain.

We quote from his book on the Phenicians (chapter III.:)

"Spain, who in modern days has been compelled to fetch her treasures from the other side of the Atlantic, was herself the Peru of antiquity. She was the richest country in the world for silver. The most productive mines of silver were found in the districts which have been described above, and which were comprised by the Phenicians under the general name of Tartessus, or Tarshish. The prodigious quantity of the precious metals which they found here upon their first arrival, so excited their astonishment, and the representation they made was so strongly impressed upon the mind of the nation, that the traditions preserved respecting them seem very remarkably to suit the pictures given by the Spanish discoverers of Peru.

"When the first Phenicians visited Spain, it is said they found silver there in such abundance that they not only freighted their ships with it to the water's edge, but made their common utensils, anchors not excepted, of this metal. [illegible] returned back to their native country, which lost no time in taking possession of this ancient Peru, and founding colonies there. When the Phenicians first settled there, artificial mine-works were quite unnecessary. The silver ore lay exposed to view, and they had only to make a slight incision to obtain it in abundance."

We may incidentally remark that the story of the Phenician colonization of old Spain resembled in another point of view that of the Spanish colonization of new America, by leading to the reduction of the inhabitants to forced labor. The poor native Iberians were treated like the poor native Indians. The Spanish mines were worked for Phenicia by slaves; and the Phenicians were great slave-dealers.

In the days of the Roman Empire, it was a standing grievance, discussed *ad nauseam* in the Roman Senate, that the wealth of the state, which they seemed to consider to concentrate in the precious metals, was given away to foreign nations.

Silver was the only instrument, or at all events, says Gibbon, the principal instrument of commerce. Their standard coins were all silver. The sestertius in which they kept accounts was a silver coin, and the original of the Spanish and American dollar. The very dollar mark which we use, $, owes its origin to the Romans, and is the same as the IIS, or shortened into $. The Roman sestertius was equal to two as's and a half, written with the characters II, and an S, for *semis* or half. The sestertius, it will be recollected, was the ordinary coin of the Romans, by which the largest sums were reckoned.

The Lydians were, it is said, the first to coin silver for currency.

The discovery of the continent of America led to that of the great silver mines of Mexico and Peru, which threw into shade all the European silver mines, and supplied the world with silver to such an extent as to diminish its relative value more than one-half.

Mexico is still the chief source of supply of silver for the world's use; but the discoveries of gold in California and Australia have led to the substitution of gold for silver in the currency of many countries, including our own. France has, in addition to England and the United States, practically demonetized silver, using it only in payment of very small sums, so that the decrease in the production of late years has been in some degree compensated by the decrease in the demand, owing to the preference given to gold for currency.

There is, however, one important exception—the East; still the East has from time immemorial used silver only as money in all ordinary payments. The process still goes on. India and China receive silver in large proportion for their productions, giving back none. What has the East done with all the silver it has received from Europe and America? There must be hoards of it somewhere. The British Government in India used silver as currency exclusively, the revenues of the state being all payable in silver. Holland alone of the European countries makes use of silver in the same way. The well-known absence of security for property in the East accounts for the disappearance of silver in India, in those parts not subject to British rule, and in all China. It was concealed for safe keeping; and what was concealed was often lost. The shipments to India and China are on the increase. Years ago when the tea imported into this country was entered at Boston, whence ships were sent to China, silver dollars were collected and exported to exchange for tea direct. Now it is more economical to settle by exchange on London for our tea imports, mostly received at New York; but the same result obtains, for China requires still dollars for her teas and silks, and only a few cottons comparatively; and the silver so wanted and shipped is obtained in London, where it is sent chiefly from Mexico and partly from the Continent of Europe in exchange for gold.

The production of silver is likely to receive considerable stimulus; first from the increased production of quicksilver, which had become scarce, and for want of which many of the old mines of South America had ceased to be worked, and secondly from the new discoveries of silver mines. Our new territory of Arizona will soon be sending its silver treasures eastward; and new mines of silver have been discovered in California. The quicksilver mines of the latter state are yielding abundantly, and add greatly to the product of silver from the old mines by facilitating the extraction of the pure metal from its native ore.

On the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains some valuable silver mines have lately been found, called the Washoe Silver Mines, which are found to yield abundantly, yea, immensely.

If the product of silver in a few years resume its ancient abundance, as compared with gold, we shall return to the use of it, in circulation, in preference to gold; for where silver and gold are alike legal currency, the actual currency will be in that metal which will pay debts with the least cost. It is at present cheaper to pay in gold than in silver; and it is only in those countries where either by law, as in Holland, or by custom, which is a greater force than law, as in India and China, that silver is used and preferred to gold. At some period of the future history of Asia we should not be surprised of reading of discoveries of lost treasures of silver, stowed away for safe keeping till its owners died, leaving its whereabouts unrevealed. It is only in this way that we can account for the loss of silver from the world's currency. Its production in one hemisphere seems to be made up by its loss or concealment in another. What is extracted in one part of the earth, after undergoing many exchanges, has been returned into the bowels of the earth from fear. The troubles in China and in the East generally must have confirmed this tendency.

### Items.

. . . The Legislature of Alabama has passed a bill exempting goods imported into Southern ports from taxation when sold in Alabama. It has also passed a bill providing for a Convention to reform the state constitution. Whence comes agitation?

. . . The amount of bullion in the Bank of England is £15,105,287; the amount of notes in circulation by the Bank of England, £20,991,945; amount of discounts, £21,084,130; reserve of notes, £7,873,400.

. . . British exports for 1859, £130,440,000; for 1858, £116,698,000; for 1857, £122,066,608;—for December, 1859—one month, £10,827,000; for December, 1858, do., £10,058,000; for December, 1857, do., £7,148,000.

. . . Trade was dull, at the latest dates, both in Paris and in the departments—public attention being almost exclusively engaged in considering the projected commercial reforms. Flour and wheat had both undergone a further decline in the Paris markets.

. . . The last rail on the Atchison and St. Josephs Railroad was laid on the 22d inst. The road was to be stocked and opened on the 1st of March. This road brings Atchison in direct railroad connection with all the principal cities in the Union. The running time to St. Louis will be seventeen hours.

. . . The cash received for rent from real estate and farms belonging to the Girard estate, during 1859, amounted to $148,550 38; from lands in Schuylkill county, $50; and from interest and dividends, $8,567 74—making a total of $157,168 12. During the year, $12,004 54 was expended for the improvement of the eastern front of the city and Delaware avenue: $26,907 02 for the support of the Girard College.

. . . From London we learn that "business of all kinds is in a state of complete suspense. The Budget and the French treaty occupy general attention—there being scarcely a single branch of industry which will not be in some degree influenced by them, and until all modifications shall have been settled, and the scheme is fairly through Parliament, there will be no disposition to enter into new contracts."

. . . The *Moniteur* of Feb. 10th publishes the usual monthly return of the Bank of France, which shows the following results as compared with the previous return:

| | |
|---|---|
| INCREASE. | |
| Cash in hand | 5,750,000 francs. |
| Current accounts | 7,000,000 " |
| DECREASE. | |
| Bills discounted, not yet due | 17,323,000 francs. |
| Advances | 1,750,000 " |
| Bank-notes | 9,500,000 " |
| Treasury balance | 29,000,000 " |

. . . *The Boston Journal* says that in 1857 the Rhode Island Central Bank was put into the hands of a receiver, upon the complaint of the Bank Commissioners. It was found that the bank had issued $400,000 in bills, which had been put off in Missouri. The principal assets of the bank with which to meet this large circulation consisted of the notes of three firms—two in St. Louis for $486,000, and one in Joliet, Ill., for $130,000. These "bills receivable" have been in suit, and the payment of outstanding bills depends upon their collection. With this explanation, the following correspondence will be appreciated:

SAVANNAH, Missouri.

SIR: Inclosed please find a two dollar bill on East Greenwich branch of Central Bank, Rhode Island, and you will send me the amount of what the bill is worth in postage stamps, if it is only *six cents*. I have no hope of getting a cent, as you Yankees are not in the habit of paying when you can help it.

Yours truly, JAMES W. BUCK,
Savannah, Andrew county, Missouri.

To JAMES CLARKE, Receiver.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., January, 1860.

DEAR SIR: Your polite note, inclosing a two dollar bill of the Rhode Island Central Bank, is received, and the same is placed on file. The principal assets of the bank consist of certain promissory notes of citizens of Missouri and Illinois, which are now in suit. Whenever these citizens of your highly respectable state, and of the state of Illinois, are fit to pay these obligations, I shall be enabled to send you a handsome dividend upon it, if not the whole amount of your bill. In the meanwhile, believe me, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your very obedient servant,
J. M. CLARKE,
Receiver of R. I. Central Bank.

Mr. JAMES W. BUCK, Savannah, Missouri.

Don't give it up so, Mr. Buck. Try again. You'll get perhaps —another letter.

### Money Market.

There is quite a plethora of money awaiting investment in good mercantile paper, of which the supply is much below the demand, though the offerings are nevertheless considerable, both in and outside the banks. All maturing monetary obligations are met with the greatest regularity, and there has never been a time when business was on a better or safer foundation than now.

The rates for the use of money are in favor of the borrower. At 6 to 7 per cent., the supply is very easy for short loans, and in some instances at 5 to 5½ for strictly call loans, while there are sums left with leading brokers as low as 4 per cent. The discount rates are mostly 6 to 7 per cent. for first-class paper, sixty days to six months inclusive, while some favorite names are taken outside the bank at lower rates. Second-class and single-named paper passes at 7½ up to 9 per cent. The movement of specie has been in favor of the banks. The last California remittance has added to the specie in bank, according to the last returns, $1,300,000, the export having been very light. The banks now have over $23,000,000 in specie. The deposits have been legitimately increased by the specie, as the increase in loans is very light. The loans, however, are large, reaching 127½ millions, while the deposits are 83 millions.

The foreign exchange market is without change. The ruling rate seems to be 108¾ for the best sterling bills of sixty-days nsance, and commercial signatures at 108¼ to 108¾. Sight drafts are in demand at 109¾ to 109¾. Francs are 5.18¾ to 5.16¾ per dollar for sixty-day bills, and 5.13¾ for three-days sight.

The supply of cotton bills is very large, and French exchange is also furnished from the export of domestic manufactured goods as well as produce. The very large yield of cotton this season will have a marked effect this year on our exchanges with Europe, notwithstanding our large imports of foreign goods. The price of cotton has not fallen to correspond with the increased supply, from the fact of the European demand having increased, with a further prospective increase from the contemplated abolition of the duty on cotton in French ports. The advices from Europe indicate a very active condition of trade. Our plain domestic cotton goods find increasing consumption in the East and in South America; and the increasing consumption of French and English cotton fabrics all over the world is extending the demand for our great staple.

### Stocks.

The has been a quasi panic for a rise in the stock market, owing to the failure of a large operator on time in favor of a decline. Messrs. Edward B. Little (a brother of the more celebrated Jacob, and who has never before failed) & Company were obliged on Saturday to declare their inability to fulfill their engagements, and have asked for time. The failure was a sudden one, and as the firm had sold privileges to a very large extent, the parties who had bought them having made engagements to sell, had to secure a supply in the open market at any price.

Prices of New York Central, and Galena and Chicago, and Chicago and Rock Island railroad shares advanced under such a pressing demand to prices which will hardly be sustained when the parties have supplied themselves to the extent of their existing contracts.

The practice of dealing in privileges is a very gambling one, and ought not to be countenanced; for it is attended with the greatest risks. The practice consists in selling for a small consideration, say one per cent., the privilege of calling within a given time—usually sixty days—for a fixed amount of stock at a certain price, either above or below the market price; in the present instance at above the market price—the sellers being "Bears" and the buyers "Bulls." If the market goes against the buyer, he does not call for the stock, but sacrifices what he had paid, which the seller pockets as his profit, and the privilege ceases with the given time. For many months past the sellers have reaped a rich harvest, but the market has turned against the sellers. Messrs. Edward B. Little & Co., having large contracts out of this nature, all involving a certain loss, have failed at the outside, not being disposed to submit to heavier losses. The effect is to enable them to settle at present prices, instead of at the prices of the time when each privilege might be successively called in, on a rising market and consequently at still higher prices.

The game is a sharp one all round.

There have been considerable sales of Missouri state stocks, which have declined in consequence of the Senate of that state having authorized further issues of state bonds for railroad purposes, namely, $1,420,000 to the Pacific Railroad, $750,000 to the Southwest branch, $966,000 to the North Missouri road, and $1,000,000 to the Iron Mountain road.

The approaching election of Directors of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad Co. has created a demand for the stock, and a strong effort to obtain proxies for the election, a party having been formed to endeavor to oust the present Board, or rather prevent its re-election, and to substitute an entirely New Board. Mr. Havemeyer of the Bank of North America has consented to receive proxies for this purpose. The present Board are supposed to have been elected under the Litchfield influence; but Mr. Litchfield takes no part in it.

The action of the Legislature in authorizing the New York Central Railroad Co. to raise its rates, as a compensation for the passing of the pro-rata bill, taxing them in favor of the canals, caused the advance in the market rate, (such legislative action being unexpected,) which led to the overthrow of the Bear speculators.

The continued ease in the money market, with the increased surplus capital-waiting investment, has led to further inquiry for bank shares. Those now quoted show improved prices. Merchants' Bank shares advanced ¾ per cent.; American Exchange 1⅜; Bank of Commerce 1⅜; Continental ⅜; Bank of State of New York 1. There were sales to-day of Bank of Commerce shares at 99¾; American Exchange 101⅜; Metropolitan 111; Park 110; Artisans' 82. The following were the sales for the week ending 17th inst.:

| No. of shares. | Banks. | Prices. | Last Dividends. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 35 | Park Bank | 110 | 4 |
| 13 | Continental Bank | 108 | 4 |
| 100 | Phenix Bank | 107⅛ | 3½ |
| 83 | Merchants' Bank | 106⅝ | 3½ |
| 30 | National Bank | 103 | 3½ |
| 20 | People's Bank | 101 | 2½ |
| 54 | Market Bank | 101, 100⅛ | 3½ |
| 22 | Am. Exchange Bank | 100, 101⅛ | 3½ |
| 75 | Bank of Commerce | 99⅛, 99¼, 99⅜ | 3½ |
| 5 | Continental Bank | 99⅛ | 2½ |
| 15 | Bank State of New York | 99 | 3 |
| 10 | Bank of Commerce (scrip) | 99⅛ | ... |
| 21 | Corn Exchange Bank | 95 | 2½ |
| 60 | Chatham Bank | 94 | 3½ |
| 139 | Ocean Bank | 93, 93¼ | 3½ |
| 5 | Hanover Bank | 87 | 3½ |
| 10 | Artisans' Banks | 82 | 3½ |

697 shares week ending March 17th.

### Latest Bank Statement.

| Week ending | Mar. 17, 1860. | Mar. 10, 1860. | Differences. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Loans | $127,502,848 | $127,302,778 | increase $200,070 |
| Specie | 23,171,536 | 21,861,180 | " 1,310,356 |
| Circulation | 8,380,999 | 8,419,633 | decrease 38,634 |
| Deposits | 82,998,123 | 81,021,948 | increase 1,976,175 |
| Exchanges | 25,562,859 | 23,791,959 | " 1,770,901 |
| Proportion of coin to liabilities | 25 36-100 p. c. | 24 44-100 p. c. | increase 92-100 |

COMPARISON WITH PREVIOUS YEARS.

| Week ending | Mar. 21, '57. | Mar. 20, '58. | Mar. 19 '59. | Mar. 17, '60. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Loans | $113,448,691 | $107,440,350 | $127,587,943 | $127,502,848 |
| Specie | 11,291,373 | 21,902,856 | 25,043,183 | 23,171,536 |
| Circulation | 8,494,238 | 6,853,852 | 7,996,713 | 8,380,999 |
| Deposits | 65,975,949 | 74,173,918 | 86,441,793 | 82,998,123 |
| Proportion of coin to demand liabilities | 15 16-100 | 39 37-100 | 26 5-10 | 25 36-100 |

### Imports and Exports.

The following are the Comparative Tables of the trade of the port for the past week and since Jan. 1st:

| For the Week— | 1858. | 1859. | 1860. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | IMPORTS. | | |
| Dry goods | $642,412 | $725,796 | $1,767,014 |
| General merchandise | 1,356,432 | 2,069,904 | 3,719,573 |
| Total for the week | $1,998,844 | $2,795,700 | $5,486,587 |
| Previously reported | 19,959,437 | 45,757,705 | 48,511,235 |
| Since Jan. 1st | $21,958,281 | $48,553,405 | $53,997,822 |
| | EXPORTS. | | |
| For the week | $1,505,908 | $1,494,733 | $1,877,641 |
| Previously reported | 9,915,193 | 8,935,615 | 13,631,339 |
| Since Jan. 1st | $11,421,161 | $10,430,348 | $15,508,980 |
| | EXPORTS OF SPECIE. | | |
| For the week | $116,114 | $870,370 | $429,260 |
| Previously reported | 9,849,702 | 6,470,716 | 2,712,321 |
| Since Jan. 1st | $9,965,8165 | $7,341,295 | $3,141,581 |

### Dry Goods.

Comparative Statement of the Imports of Foreign Dry Goods at the port of New York for the week and since Jan. 1st:

| For the week. | 1858. | 1859. | 1860. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Entered at the port | $642,412 | $725,796 | $1,767,014 |
| Thrown on market | 1,035,479 | 788,924 | 1,707,541 |
| Since Jan. 1st. | | | |
| Entered at the port | 11,347,205 | 27,530,279 | $20,547,959 |
| Thrown on market | 14,992,060 | 23,748,599 | $1,402,702 |

The imports continue to increase, and with them the pressure of goods on the market—mostly through the auction-room. The public sales now occupy the chief attention of the trade. French fabrics crowd the market. Shawls, ribbons, dress prints, and silks, staple and figured, have been sold to a large extent. Prices favor the buyer, except in a few very desirable kinds, which have rallied a little from the extreme decline. The French Government having published its intention of abolishing the bonus on the export of cotton and woolen fabrics, there is expected to be an increase of shipment of fall goods to this port before the 6th of July, when the bonus or bounty on exportation expires. Private sales of French goods are very small. Millinery goods and ribbons are much depressed in price. German woolens continue to decline. The leading jobbers are doing a very brisk trade, and realize good profits. The Western demand improves gradually. Domestic fabrics, which come in competition with the foreign imports, are depressed in price. Prints show a decline. Staple cotton goods in use in the East are much in demand for export. China is taking an increased supply. Domestic Woolens suffer the most from foreign competition.


## PURE BREAD

FOR EVERYBODY!

The following legitimate TESTIMONIALS are brought before the public to show that wherever "JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS" has a fair trial, it takes preference to all others, both in purity and utility.

We are satisfied that all who will take the trouble to give it a trial will unite with us in recommending it as the most wholesome and economical Saleratus in use. They should be sure that their Grocer does not palm off some *other*, done up in a similar kind of pink paper, on which he can make a large profit. Those imitations are slow poison. The genuine has the name of "*James Pyle*" on each package.

DEPOT NO. 345 WASHINGTON ST., N. Y.

CANTON, Ohio, July 26, 1859.

This is to certify that I have sold James Pyle's Saleratus for some time, and from what my customers say, I believe it to be a superior article. Those that have tried it once want no other.
G. V. DIETERICK, R. R.

CANTON, O., July 26, 1859.
We indorse the above. SCHILLING & HERBACH.

CANTON, O., July 26, 1859.
We freely indorse the above. M. MILLER & SON.

This is to certify that I have sold James Pyle's Saleratus to my customers, and in all cases it gives entire satisfaction.
July 26, 1859. C. N. OBERLIN.

MASSILLON, O., July 26, 1859.—I hereby certify that James Pyle's Saleratus is superior to anything made.
FRED. LOEFFLER.

WOOSTER, July 26, 1859. This is to certify that we have sold James Pyle's Saleratus for some time, and are now fully satisfied that it is superior to any now in use. We wish to sell no other, as this has given good satisfaction to all our customers.
MITCHEL & BEERBOWER.

WOOSTER, July 27, 1859.—We have sold James Pyle's Saleratus during the last six months, and it has given excellent satisfaction. We believe it to be the best in market.
J. H. BAUMGARDNER & CO.

This is to certify that I have sold James Pyle's